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THE

# SATURDAY REVIEW

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## RESEARCH

Twenty Research Associations with a membership of 4,800 firms co-operate with the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research to increase the efficiency and the competitive power of British Industry. The Report of the Department for the year 1930-1931 gives details of the work undertaken. Every manufacturer should secure a copy. 3s. (3s. 3d.).  
Report of the Fuel Research Board 1930-1931. 2s. (2s. 2d.).

## ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

A text-book of electrical engineering has been issued by the War Office covering the practical problems of the generation, transmission and utilization of electric power. Illustrations drawn for the most part from materials and appliances used in everyday commercial work greatly enhance the value of the work to all students of electricity. 12s. 6d. (13s. 3d.).

## BANKING FINANCE CREDIT

The Report of the Committee on Finance and Industry (the "Macmillan Report") 5s. (5s. 5d.) and its Minutes of Evidence, 2 vols., 32s. 6d. each (33s. 3d.) contain a mine of information upon contemporary economic problems. Of the Report, Sir Josiah Stamp has said, "To the patient ordinary reader there is more here of intelligible exposition than can be found anywhere else . . . easily the best up-to-date text-book on the financial system."

## THE DRINK TRADE

The Report of the Royal Commission on Licensing which has inquired into the working of the laws relating to the sale and supply of intoxicating liquors in their social and economic aspects contains not only a full survey of the problem as a whole but a series of recommendations for the determination of future policy. 4s. 6d. (4s. 11d.).

All prices are net. Those in brackets include postage.

## HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

LONDON: Adastral House, Kingsway, W.C.2.  
EDINBURGH: 120, George Street. MANCHESTER: York Street.  
CARDIFF: 1, St. Andrew's Crescent. BELFAST: 15, Donegall Square West.  
Or through any Bookseller.

## The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week:

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Films, and Wireless programmes, and the books which in our opinion are the best of the week.—ED.]

### THEATRES

#### GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

**HAYMARKET.** *Can the Leopard . . . ?* by Ronald Jeans. (Whitehall 9832.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Gertrude Lawrence and Ian Hunter in a very witty and well-acted comedy.

**STRAND.** *It's a Girl*, by Austin Melford. (Temple Bar 2660.) 8.30. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. Leslie Henson and Sydney Howard in a farce similar to "It's a Boy."

**WESTMINSTER.** *The Anatomist*, by James Bridie. (Victoria 0283.) 8.30. Sat. 2.30. Henry Ainley in a sophisticated version of the crimes of Burke, Hare and Dr. Knox.

**APOLLO.** *There's Always Juliet*, by John Van Druten. (Gerrard 6970.) 8.30. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. An amusing and beautifully written love-duet, exquisitely played by Edna Best and Herbert Marshall.

**GLOBE.** *And So To Bed*. By James B. Fagan. (Gerrard 8724.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Yvonne Arnaud in a revival of Mr. Fagan's amusing play about Mr. and Mrs. Pepys and Charles II.

**PHOENIX.** *Counsel's Opinion*. By Gilbert Wakefield. (Temple Bar 8611.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Isabel Jeans, Owen Nares, Allan Aynesworth, Morton Selton.

### BROADCASTING

#### WIRELESS EDITOR'S LIST

##### NATIONAL.

**Monday, January 18, 6.50-7.20 p.m.** Mr. Desmond MacCarthy will give his fortnightly talk on "New Books."

**7.30 p.m.** "The Significance of Joint-Stock Enterprise" is the title of Professor Henry Clay's third talk in the series called "How has Private Enterprise Adapted Itself?"

**9.20 p.m.** Mr. S. P. B. Mais will give his third talk on "The Unknown Island."

**Tuesday, January 19, 8.30 p.m.** Under the title of "The New Journalism" Mr. Kingsley Martin will give his first talk in the series on "The Press."

**Wednesday, January 20, 7.30 p.m.** The third talk in the series on "Science and Civilisation" will be contributed by Mr. I. A. Fausset.

**8.15 p.m.** Adrian Bolt will conduct the eleventh of series of B.B.C. Symphony Concerts, to be relayed from the Queen's Hall, which will be a Wagner Concert.

**Thursday, January 21, 9.20 p.m.** Mr. Vernon Bartlett will give his weekly talk on international affairs called "The Way of the World."

**Saturday, January 23, 7.5 p.m.** "Foxes and their Enemies" is the title of Mr. Grant Watson's second talk in his series called "The Common Earth."

**9.20 p.m.** "On the 9.20"—the third of a series of informal "Conversations in the Train."

##### LONDON, MIDLAND AND NORTH REGIONAL

**Sunday, January 17, 5.0 p.m.** Professor John Macmurray will give the fourteenth talk in the series on "The Modern Dilemma."

### FILMS

#### MARK FORREST'S LIST

##### LONDON FILMS

**THE REGAL.** *Street Scene*. Criticized in this issue.

**THE PLAZA.** *His Son*. Criticized in this issue.

**THE CARLTON.** *The Cheat*. Tallulah Bankhead's third picture. Will be criticized next week.

**THE NEW VICTORIA.** *Congress Dances*. This delightful picture has left the Tivoli. Lilian Harvey, Henry Garat and Conrad Veidt.

**THE CAPITOL.** *Sunshine Susie*. This amusing comedy with music continues. Jack Hulbert and Renate Muller.

**THE POLYTECHNIC.** *Trader Horn*. This revival continues.

**THE NEW GALLERY.** *Mischief*. This screen version of the Aldwych farce with Ralph Lynn and Winifred Shotter is a good farce.

#### GENERAL RELEASES

**Bad Girl.** A very good picture indeed with a fine performance by James Dunn.

**Smart Money.** A crook drama with Edward G. Robinson.

**77 Park Lane.** The screen version of the play. Quite entertaining.

### BOOKS TO READ

#### LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST

**Cole's Blecheley Diary.** Edited by F. G. Stokes. Constable. 16s.

**Edward Clodd.** *A Memoir*. By Joseph McCabe. The Bodley Head. 6s.

**The History of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.** By Everard Wyrall. With a foreword by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

**England in Palestine.** By Norman Bentwich. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

**Nature's Fantasy in Australia.** By Alec H. Chisholm. Dent. 12s. 6d.

**The Elements of Economics.** By J. K. Mehta. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

**An Introduction to French Painting.** By Alan Clutton-Brock. Chapman and Hall. 8s. 6d.

### NOVELS

**The Pavilion of Honour.** By George Preedy. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

**The Clairvoyant.** By Ernst Lothar. Secker. 7s. 6d.

**Seven Basketfuls.** By Theodora Benson. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

**Linda Shawn.** By Ethel Mannin. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE better trade returns issued this week suggest that the economic gale of 1931 is beginning to moderate in 1932. It has not yet blown itself out, and we must expect unpleasant weather for some time to come, but the position at the moment is definitely better, not worse.

At home the Government appears to be making some progress with its difficult quota negotiations. Abroad the situation is less happy, but there is no disposition at the moment to take too tragically the resignation of M. Laval, which may lead to the reconstruction of the French Cabinet on a broader basis.

### *The Octopus of Reparations.*

Germany's repudiation of her war debt did not come, as some of the newspapers suggested, altogether as a surprise; indeed, most informed and sensible people rather anticipated something of the kind. It has long been obvious that sooner or later the break would come; what was uncertain was when and where. The fall in world commodity prices, combined with Germany's extravagance on internal reconstruction and her Government's difficulty in opposing Hitler, has settled the question of time and place; and the Brüning Note follows.

That Note need not be construed at its full face value, but it was more than a meaningless gesture. It means that Germany will in the end pay part, though not all, of the reparations she is charged with; that France will in the end make her choice between taking what she can get by consent and what she can only get by force; and that in the long run Europe and America will have to return to the policy of the Balfour Note or go bankrupt.

The world, as Mr. Winston Churchill has recently discovered, is not governed by wisdom; its people are blind, its statesmen are largely leaders of the blind. But in the long run, and after much kicking against the pricks, reason prevails; and in the present case reason says now, what it said eight years ago, that the path of wisdom and sanity lies in scaling down war debts and reparations to the lowest possible amount. The trouble is that it takes a long time for people to know the truth when they see it.

### *Britain and Japan.*

Sir John Simon is to be warmly congratulated upon his refusal to associate this country with the American Note to Japan. His attitude through the whole Manchurian crisis has been marked by a commonsense, and a regard for the true interests of Great Britain, that have not been displayed by any of his predecessors since the time of Viscount Grey of Falloden. Japan, not the United States, represents stability in the Far East, and it is naturally to British interests to support the stable factor.

Whatever may have been the pros and cons of the rupture of the old Anglo-Japanese alliance, I hope that in the future Great Britain and Japan are going to work more harmoniously together than has been the case since the war. Japan was deliberately sacrificed by the Foreign Office on the altar of Anglo-American friendship, but the policy of playing second fiddle to the United States has not done this country much good anywhere. In spite, or perhaps because of the fact that he had no previous official knowledge of foreign affairs, Sir John Simon has started well, and every patriot will wish him success.

### *Two By-elections*

The New Year's Honours List made two by-elections necessary—one at Croydon, and the other in the New Forest. I understand that the Labour Headquarters intended to let both seats go by default, but such an admission that the party had lost all confidence in itself was too much for some of the rank-and-file, who after a long struggle succeeded in getting an admission that Croydon at least should be fought.

It will probably take Labour at least a year to get its backbone straightened out again after the bad spill of last October, but the sooner the invalid starts to take a little gentle exercise the better for its recovery, and on general principles there is no tonic like a by-election for the politician who is below par. It will be many a long day before the party can expect to win a seat, but unless it tries to walk again it will never even crawl.

### *William Graham*

The Labour Party has no luck. Apart perhaps from Mr. Wise, the best equipped of its younger men always seemed to be Mr. William Graham; and now he is dead in the middle forties. Had fate not intervened, he was obviously destined to be Chancellor of the Exchequer in the next Labour Government; and within his limits he would have been a good one.

Those limits were, however, rather rigidly defined, for he was a strict Free Trader of the old school, and any departure from the strict orthodoxy of the past roused either his wrath or his pity or both. In this matter he struck me as on the whole better fitted for a professorship at the London School of Economics—where they teach but do not learn—than for membership of the House of Commons or (when electoral disaster befell him last autumn) an advisory post in a City financial house.

### *Iron and Steel.*

The urgency of the steel position dictates a short note on aspects that even careful commentators are apt to overlook in the daily Press. Since 1906, the scene of the last great controversy, foreign manufacturers behind tariff security have passed from a fair 50-50 competition with our own to complete monopoly in many lines. Mr. Runciman himself gave instances publicly in November. Concentrated dumping has closed down our blast furnaces north and south.

Without a tariff no new funds can be publicly borrowed to re-equip our mills and forges. Yet without fresh funds urgent re-equipment to enable us to compete again means the industry's certain death warrant. One North country steel producer has for three years now steadfastly refused to re-brick his worn-out furnaces or re-design his works. He keeps spare cash at the bank earning interest until he gets the tariff.

### *Bank Profits.*

An explanation, given me by a banker, of the week's surprisingly good showing by our home banks in such a year of depression assumes that other banks, as well as his own, have earned unusually heavy profits, first by a temporary over-lending, i.e., below the accepted ratio of cash to deposits, and secondly by high interest rates on overdrafts and short term monies. In fact the Socialist anti-bankers in early 1931 made the hateful bankers' fortune! So much for politics.



My friend assures me that this over-lending is now assuredly a thing of the past and that 1932 presages a poor banking year under the heading of high interest rates. Bankers dislike quick changes in bank-rate; it is easier to lend and borrow if the way is clear for six months ahead.

#### *The Hawaiian Incident.*

In the absence of the relevant facts it is impossible to express a considered opinion upon the unfortunate state of affairs that appears to exist in Hawaii, but one aspect of it is of more than purely local significance. The wife of an officer seems to have been assaulted while on a walk in the middle of the night, and the question that naturally arises is whether in taking a solitary nocturnal ramble of this nature she was not, in fact, asking for trouble.

The inhabitants of the United States have, no doubt, many amiable qualities, but they invariably behave abroad as if they were at home, which is exactly what one cannot do in coloured countries. The unfortunate lady whose sex-appeal has started the present trouble should serve as a warning that the Tropics are not the Middle West, and, in this connection, it would be by no means amiss if some of our own countrywomen were to reflect upon her fate next time they leave these islands.

#### *The Temple.*

Legal readers will not be surprised that the Lord Chancellor is anxious to prevent retirements on the Judicial Bench until the Judges' salary of £4,000 gross is restored to its 1826 figure of £5,000. Rowlatt, J., is to retire in April, I gather. I am sorry to learn that Humphreys, J., is really very ill, while the Inns say that the medical attendants of the Lord Chief Justice advise a long rest from active work. There is curiously little sympathy with Sir William Jowitt over his delicate position in Parliament. In the circumstances it is a pity that Sir Thomas Inskip's strong suit is ecclesiastical law.

#### *A French Politician.*

M. Maginot was a brave man who had the courage of his convictions, and as such men are rare his loss is in a measure to be deplored, but there can likewise be no denying the fact that he was the most chauvinistic of Frenchmen. His speeches to the various garrisons along the German and Italian frontiers were, to put it mildly, hardly calculated to further the cause of peace in Europe, though full credit must be given to his patriotism in obtaining from the Chamber the necessary credits for the modernisation of the frontier.

#### *Sky-writing.*

An interesting controversy has broken out on the propriety of what is euphemistically termed Sky-writing, or more correctly Advertising in the Air. What right, or rights, have the public or the individual, in the air or the sky? In other words, to whom do the heavens belong?

The theologian answers (and quite properly) that the heavens belong to the Lord; but so does the earth also, and this question is one of sub-tenancies, not of freehold. The old legal doctrine was, I believe, that property in land extended for ever below and above the actual area of ownership; but Copernicus and Columbus made that theory logically untenable, as all ownership in the soil must come to a fine point in the centre of the earth.

Above the earth ownership obviously cannot stretch outwards to infinity, or an allotment-holder in Tooting might claim the freehold of Sirius or the Pole Star. In practice probably the best way to define and limit the right (if any) of Sky-writing is by license of flying stations; and I may add that I should not personally repine if advertisements in the air were prohibited altogether.

#### *The Drink Problem*

The report, or rather reports, of the Liquor Traffic Commission were dead almost before they were born. The three main ideas are to cut down the hours at which drink may be sold still further, to nationalise the trade, and to institute inspection of clubs.

The first would quicken the speed with which alcohol is consumed without reducing the amount consumed—good for the brewer's pocket, bad for the customer's head. The second would reduce the variety of liquor on tap without improving the quality of beer, which is already poor enough in the ordinary public-house. The third point strikes me as merely silly.

Because a foreign waiter hires an underground basement for the sale of bad drink in the middle of the night, it seems absurd that a plain-clothes policeman should have the right of entry into the Reform or the Travellers. Those respectable institutions are not, after all, sinks for sots, but places where decent ordinary Englishmen meet for social and political rather than convivial purposes. In practice the police have always successfully distinguished between the one and the other, and it is ridiculous that the good should be penalised on account of the bad.

#### *This Freedom.*

The Licencing Commission have not commented on the more glaring absurdities of our licencing laws. For instance, whenever a theatre with a drink licence goes over, temporarily or otherwise, to "the pictures," nothing stronger than ginger ale may be sold at the bars. Why it should be licit to buy a whisky and soda between the acts of "Charley's Aunt" or "Hamlet," but not between a Charlie Chaplin film and a news reel, is beyond my comprehension. So, too, is the fact that in the one cinema theatre in London that has still managed to preserve a drink licence, patrons desirous of a drink have to leave the auditorium, since the law prohibits direct access between the theatre and the bars.

A correspondent draws my attention to another anomaly. He recently moved to a new neighbourhood, which necessitated a change of wine merchant. The latter informed him that while he could order and have sent home whatever he required from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m., if he wished to take his purchase with him, he could do so, but only during such hours as the local public houses were open. "If," adds my correspondent, "I should require a bottle of brandy in a hurry for medicinal purposes, it will be a great consolation to remember that the late war was fought in the interests of liberty."

#### *The Pusey Poke*

It was news to me that a peculiar forward rigidity of the head and neck in the carriage of the scholar or the cleric was once regarded as a mark of special sanctity, and dubbed according to Dr. Leonard Williams, the "Pusey Poke," on account of its prominence in the Tractarian leader. One would have regarded it generally as a sign of concentration or intensity of effort, and in particular as a probable indication of short sight, rather than as an indication of sanctity, and if Dr. Pusey had it, the mannerism was probably due to one or both these causes.

Dr. Williams suggests that this physical attitude probably shortened life as much as it narrowed the outlook and clouded the understanding. In the case of Pusey, at any rate, this seems a gratuitous assumption. There is ample evidence in his biography that, apart from his special interests, he was a man of wide culture; and the fact that he lived to be more than eighty years of age hardly suggests that the Pusey Poke cut him off in the first flush of youth.



## EMPIRE FIRST

THE air is full of conferences and rumours of conferences, and once more British statesmen are on the eve of a series of spectacular dashes to Lausanne, Geneva, and Paris in the hope of shoring up the tottering structure of post-war Europe. No man in his senses would deny that the European situation is getting worse, yet as a nation we must not forget that the Continent comes after, not before our Imperial obligations and opportunities. Had successive Governments paid half as much attention to the Dominions and Colonies as to the Continent, the Empire would not be experiencing its present difficulties. Instead, we have signed treaties, pacts, and conventions innumerable with one European Power after another until not a dog can bark on the mainland of Europe but Great Britain must lay all her own concerns aside, and waste the time of her statesmen in seeking for the appropriate remedy.

We had imagined that the crisis of last August, the formation of the National Government, and, above all, the result of the General Election, would have focussed the attention of our rulers upon Imperial affairs, but there are signs that such is not the case. Mr. MacDonald, upon whom the Empire has never made any particular impression, is showing more interest in the approaching conferences abroad than in the formulation of that scientific tariff for which he was returned to power by the electorate last October. Apparently, all the leading members of the Cabinet are to visit Geneva during February for the purpose of attending the Disarmament Conference, while

the Foreign Secretary, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the President of the Board of Trade, will be at the disposal of the diplomats assembled at Lausanne. In short, the British Cabinet is to be scattered over Europe at the very time it is most needed in Whitehall.

At the present moment nothing could be more undesirable than to revert to the policy of Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Arthur Henderson, and to make Europe our main consideration. It is an open secret that there are members of the Cabinet who will do everything in their power to delay the adoption of Protection, and a European crisis will prove a heaven-sent red herring. Unfortunately, a coalition is always eager to postpone the evil day when definite action must be taken, and unless the majority in the House of Commons is on the alert very little will be done to assist the country and the Empire in the coming session. It was, in all conscience, difficult enough to get the Government to do anything before Christmas when it had no excuse for inertia, but now that it can plead the default of Germany there will be more trouble still in forcing it to act.

A heavy responsibility rests upon Lord Beaverbrook, Mr. Amery, Lord Winterton, and other Conservative leaders not in office. It is they who have to insist upon the wishes of the electorate being carried out, and upon purely European questions being subordinated to the needs of the Empire. It will be neither an easy nor a pleasant task, but in undertaking it they will know that they are acting with the full approval of their fellow-countrymen.

## TRADE UNION LAW REFORM—II.

By the HON. QUINTIN HOGG.

**S**PEAKING generally a Trade Union is a society of persons concerned in the same trade or business and it may be formed for quite a variety of purposes.

In the first place it may be formed simply as a friendly society. Such purposes have been one of the principal objects of Trade Societies from the earliest times. (The *collegia fabrum*, etc. of the Roman Empire are an example). Accident, sickness, and unemployment benefits conferred by modern Trade Unions on their members are newer examples of the same principle.

Secondly a Trade Union may exist for the maintenance of the rights of a trade or profession against undue pressure from the consumer. Trade Rings are an obvious modern example, but such Unions have undoubtedly also existed all through our history. (Compare the Ipswich Tailors' Case 1674).

Thirdly a Trade Union may exist, and the modern Trade Union does exist par excellence for the protection of one class of those engaged in the trade against another, employers against employed and vice versa.

Modern Industrial Trade Unions are mainly formed for the first and third of these objects.

Now *prima facie* there is no reason why these three functions should be discharged by the same body. It seems a pity that the funds of a Society intended for the payment of accident or unemployment benefit should be endangered by an unwise strike. These reflections suggest an object to be attained by reform.

But a general reform and codification of Trade Union Law other than the repeal of those abuses to which we have called attention is out of the question. Conditions in the various trades are too diverse. How then shall we proceed? The analogy of the development of Company Law thrusts itself on our attention.

Company Law at first developed by the introduction of private acts for particular companies. These were finally all framed on a common plan.

Private Acts are out of the question for Trade Unions. Law must be imposed not granted. But Particular Acts are perfectly feasible. The big Unions of the coal trade,

the railways and so forth are sufficiently important to merit the particular attention of the legislature. After that legislation for other Unions might follow and finally a general measure like the Companies Act might be passed for the rest.

The following reforms are really overdue. It is a mere anomaly that Trade Unions are not corporations with a separate corporate personality like a company. Such a corporation would of course be liable for all civil wrongs. Against such liability it would be perfectly possible to insure if it was so desired.

Incorporation, however, is not by itself enough. We therefore propose that in trades affected by the new legislation there should be at least three incorporated unions.

- (1) The Society of employers, as at present constituted.
- (2) The Society of employed, as at present constituted.
- (3) A third incorporated Union of which the members and the only members are the two first unions (not their members) in their corporate capacity which would take over from the two first the friendly Society activities of the existing unions, leaving the existing unions simply to regulate the relations of employers and employed. The actual members of the old Unions would pay the same subscriptions as heretofore but the old Unions would have to contribute a part of the money thus raised to keep up the third.

This proposed arrangement would benefit the workmen since the employers would have to contribute indirectly to the friendly society activities of the new Union. (Be it remembered also that by the repeal of the T.U. Act 1871 s. 4 they would be able to enforce their claims to benefit). It would benefit the employers and the country as a whole because the reforms would be in conjunction with a comprehensive scheme removing the various injustices and anomalies of the present system to which reference has been made, and last but not least because employers and employed would constantly be brought together willy nilly to discuss their common business.

## WHAT COMMUNISM STANDS FOR

By W. F. WATSON.

[We have received several requests from readers that we should include a perfectly plain statement or definition of what Communism means in theory and practice, and in the interest of fairness we therefore include the following article by an avowed Communist in our series of independent political contributions. We need hardly say that we disagree profoundly with almost everything the author says and stands for.—Ed.]

COMMUNISM quite definitely stands for "the revolutionary overthrow of capitalism, the establishment of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, and the complete elimination of all classes," as laid down by the Statutes of the Communist International.

The Labour Party aims at "securing for the workers the full fruits of their labour," which means the elimination of all profit, and which can be achieved only by the establishment of a Socialist State. So far as objectives are concerned there is little difference between them.

It is when we come to methods of achieving the objective, and of carrying on when Capitalism has been supplanted that we find antagonisms. The Labour Party, pinning its faith to Parliament, desires to maintain a National and Constituency Party, "to give effect as far as may be practicable to the principles from time to time approved by the Party Conference."

Communism declares that Parliament is obsolete. It runs candidates for propaganda purposes only. Should any be elected, they would go to Westminster with the object of sabotaging the machine. Communism boldly advocates the pursuance of revolutionary tactics in every sphere of activity, in the army, navy and police force, in all branches of the civil services, State and municipal; in the factories, trade unions and co-operative societies; in the schools and all other educational services, and in the Labour Party itself.

The Communists have no time for democracy; their object is to create mass psychology by seizing upon any industrial situation and endeavouring to divert it into a revolutionary crisis. They urge their trade union members to fight "the reactionary trade union democracy from within, in order to transform the trade unions into revolutionary mass organisations of the proletariat." The Party is by no means pacifist.

"In the struggle of the proletariat against the capitalist offensive it is the duty of Communists not only to take the advanced posts and lead those engaged in the struggle . . . but it is also their duty, relying upon the best and most active elements of the workers, to create their own legions and militant organisations, which will resist the pacifists and teach the 'golden youth' of the bourgeois a wholesome lesson that will get them out of the strike-breaking habit."

"It (the Communist Party) utilizes these institutions (army, navy, rifle clubs, citizen guards, etc.) for the purpose of giving the workers military training for the revolutionary battles to come. Intensive agitation must, therefore, be directed not against military training of the youth of the workers, but against the military régime and the domination of the officers. Every possibility of providing the workers with weapons should be most eagerly seized upon."

The Communist Party does not expect to achieve power through Parliament, although it will continue to run candidates. Communism pins its faith to the efficacy of the strike weapon. It plans to form revolutionary factory committees, and communist "cells" in every sphere of industrial and political activity: it also aims at establishing nuclei of Soviets in every district.

Communism is agitating, and preparing for, a national strike similar to that of 1926 which it will endeavour, through committees and nuclei, to direct into a revolutionary crisis. Anticipating that Parliament and the orthodox trade union leaders will be unable to handle the situation, the Communists hope to be sufficiently

strong to seize power, dissolve Parliament, establish the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, and to at once proceed with the election of a National Soviet Government, representative of industries rather than of constituencies, through the medium of the local Soviets, the method of election being so arranged as to ensure the return of the Communists in an overwhelming majority.

If and when Communism thus achieves power, it will be forced to defend its position, for is it certain that the deposed political parties will challenge the Dictatorship. If the King has not already abdicated, as it is confidently expected he will, monarchy will be abolished, after which attention will be directed to the armed forces. Those officers, and there will be many, who refuse to come under the new régime will be forthwith removed, and replaced by Communists chosen from the ranks. There are bound to be some recalcitrant regiments, naval ratings and police divisions. These will be disarmed and placed in quarantine.

The factories, food supply and means of transport will be taken over through the factory committees and trade unions—from which the orthodox officials will have been removed—without compensation to the present owners. They, and the managers will have the choice of remaining as employees of the State; if they refuse they will be peremptorily told to get out. The land will be expropriated in like fashion, and a sort of peasant proprietorship set up under Soviet control.

All foodstuffs will come under direct Soviet control, and rationed, the workers having priority over non-workers. The deposed capitalists will be required to work if they want food. Distribution will be carried out through the Co-operative Societies, controlled by Communists.

Immediate domestic problems will be dealt with no less drastically. All the big houses will be commandeered—and the big hotels—and turned into tenements for the workers. The unemployed will be given adequate maintenance, but they will be required to work for it. Those not absorbed in industry will be employed in razing the slums, on the land, and in other spheres of communal work.

The banks will, of course, be taken over by the Soviet Government, again without compensation to the present owners. Communism compensates only workers! In order to facilitate the change, it may be necessary to print an enormous number of treasury notes, as means of exchange of commodities. The element of profit will be completely eliminated.

The Church will be disestablished, and all orthodox religious teaching abolished from the schools, all of which, including the public schools and universities, will be taken over by the Soviet Government. The educational system will be revolutionised. Children will be taught the ethics of Communism, and to hate the capitalists and capitalism. The press will be rigidly censored, only those of pronounced Communist leanings being allowed freedom. Similarly with cinemas, theatres and music-halls. Anything savouring of anti-Communist propaganda will be ruthlessly suppressed.

With regard to the foreign policy of Communism, much depends upon the internal conditions of other countries. With Soviet countries like Russia, things will be fairly easy; with those countries still under a Capitalist régime, British Communism will have to adapt its relationship, just as Russia has been compelled to adapt itself externally. One thing is certain, however. War debts and reparations will be repudiated, as also most of the commercial debts.



## AMERICA AND THE WORLD CRISIS—II.

By LUIGI VILLARI.

ANOTHER tendency which the depression has brought to the forefront is the desire to study foreign institutions and methods in the search for a remedy to the present American discontents. It was, indeed, surprising to find that even Communism has a number of sympathizers, especially among the "intelligentsia." At the Institute of Politics, Prof. Counts of Columbia, although not professedly a Communist, gave an exposé of the Bolshevik theory and the Five-Year Plan, for which his admiration was evident. There seems to be a curious connexion between certain business interests and Moscow. One well-known American journalist is said to be the publicity agent both of one of the biggest financiers of America and of the Soviet Government. The Five-Year Plan, while alarming the American business world, is being to a large extent carried out by American experts.

Many Americans, while deploring the fact, regard the advent of Communism as inevitable, or at all events fear that, in the present depression, it will gain a hold over considerable masses of the working classes and lead to serious disturbances. Still greater anxiety is caused by Russian economic competition, actual or potential. The Soviet have sent shiploads of timber to Maine, once the timber State par excellence, and have undersold the local producer. The operation by the Soviet of selling 7,650,000 bushels of wheat short in Chicago market last year was one of the causes which precipitated the drop of wheat prices, and provoked widespread panic.

The changed attitude towards international relations in general is equally remarkable. Until the depression came, the mass of people regarded the United States as a world of its own, especially as regards economic prices, isolated from all other countries, a nation free of "foreign entanglements," which no outside shocks could affect. The World War constituted a parenthesis, which many Americans regretted as an interruption in the true course of the nation's evolution. As soon as the war was over a strong reaction set in favour of a return to traditional isolation, which found expression in the refusal of the United States Government to ratify the Peace Treaty and enter the League of Nations, in the measures restricting foreign immigration and in the raising of the tariff. The great increase of prosperity which followed, at a time when Europe was struggling in the throes of a post-war economic difficulties, strengthened the tendency to splendid isolation.

To-day all this is altered. The depression in general and the threatened collapse of Germany in particular opened the eyes of the American people—I mean of the average citizen, for there had always been a far-sighted minority which saw the world situation in its proper light—to the essential fact of the economic interdependence of the world as a whole. From this to the realization of the political link was but a step. The problems of Europe assumed a new aspect. The collapse of Germany, it was felt, would entail not only the loss of American capital invested in that country, but the breakdown of the whole international credit system, the collapse of Great Britain and of every other European country and inevitably of the United States as well. Consequently every important political event in Europe is coming to be of significance for America. I have mentioned the fear of Bolshevism; it is realized that the danger to America would be far greater if Germany and other European countries were "to go Bolshevik." A new war in Europe would be for the American public not merely special correspondents' fodder, but a deadly issue, and every effort must be made to avert such a possibility.

Not only did I find the Williamstown audience as appreciative and cordial as American audiences always

are, but that attitude of moral superiority over Europe seemed to have wholly disappeared. Nor were there many traces of that uniformed sentimentality in judging the affairs of other nations, which in the past was apt to irritate the European. An instance of this was afforded by the debates on the Indian problem. Several Indians of the most rabidly seditious type came to denounce British rule, and unfortunately there did not happen to be among the eminent British spokesmen anyone particularly conversant with Indian affairs. But the case for British rule was efficiently taken up by two Americans who had spent some time in India, Prof. William Y. Elliott of Harvard, and Mr. Charles C. Batchelder, formerly United States Commercial Agent in India. No American speaker attacked Britain's Indian policy even on sentimental grounds.

Of particular interest was the state of public opinion on the problem of reparations and the inter-Allied debts. Even before the depression there were many business men who believed that it would be to America's interest that a clean sweep be made of debts and reparations, as, by improving the economic conditions of the debtor countries, these would be able to buy more from the United States. But the general public did not see this, and the politicians dare not suggest a measure which in the first instance would involve an increase in American taxation. It required the imminent collapse of Germany, with all its alarming possibilities, to induce President Hoover to propose not a cancellation of debts, but a temporary moratorium of payments. Although officially we are told that the cancellation is not contemplated, the public, the Press, the University world, business circles are all discussing its possibility, and an increasing number of persons are coming to regard it as desirable.

A further indication of the increased interest in foreign affairs may be seen in the larger amount of space devoted to them by the leading newspapers than was the case in the past, and in the well-informed and intelligent manner in which they are often treated, while the tone of the editorial articles is usually well-balanced and friendly.

## A SATURDAY DICTIONARY

### DETERMINISM

THE doctrine of Determinism (against which Sir A. Eddington has been speaking) is founded on the hypothesis that every cause produces certain effects, that if all the causes are known it is possible to predict the effects, while if all the effects are known it is possible to deduce the cause.

This doctrine (which in the religious sphere becomes Predestination, and which leads logically to the Buddhist belief that Prayer not merely may but must be answered) is obviously in accord with the assumption that the world is a rational world. This assumption, which is not confined to science or philosophy, clearly stands or falls as evidence and experience confirm or negative it.

The belief in Freewill has always been difficult to fit into the theory of a determinist universe, and the freedom of the will has often been denied (not very convincingly) by Determinists. Until recently, however, freedom has only been claimed for living organisms; while some, following Descartes, have tacitly rejected it in sub-human animals; the supposition that freedom inhered in inanimate objects, which is common in primitive thought, seemed to have completely disappeared. Professor Eddington's recent statements, however, seem likely to give it a brief return of popularity.



## THE NEW METHOD IN EDUCATION

By DR. MARIA MONTESSORI.

IN other methods, and especially in modern methods, educators are concerned with a matter they consider fundamental—the study of the characteristics of the child mind, one might say of the psychic laws in general which they consider should guide them in teaching. The principle followed is that one must know in order to educate, that in teaching we must learn the psychic laws of the child as the old psychology stated them.

My own attitude, and the educational method I have evolved after many years of work among children, is directly opposed to these ideas. I have no intention of guessing at, no desire to probe the thoughts of the children I am educating.

A child's intelligence, and the laws of that intelligence are mysterious and difficult to decipher. On this point all educators agree, but I would go one step further and say not only is the nature of intelligence a mystery hard to penetrate, but that we should renounce the intention of doing so.

I consider that what happens within the child is the child's secret, a secret which we must respect. The principle underlying the new method is here, and those who have not gone into the matter are strangely struck by it, for it seems to them I am setting an obstacle to knowledge by the statement that here is a secret which has to be let alone, and that what we have to learn is how to respect this secret.

Perhaps I can make my meaning clearer if I ask you to consider this problem of the child's intelligence symbolically in terms of a circle. The centre is the intimate part which is the very essence of the individual himself, and we have no concern with what happens there. At the outer edge, the individual comes into touch with the outside world, through senses and movement: the outside world stimulates him by means of his senses and he in turn directs his activity towards it.

Thus we see that the periphery of the circle is accessible, since we can see it. We can see the child choose and express himself by means of activity directed towards the outer world. Upon this concrete material then we can base our educational efforts.

I am convinced through my experience of children, that it is thus we must deal with the child in process of growing, that the real way of mental work for the child is to gather in by means of his sensations and express himself by translating these into activity, perpetually, like the ceaseless throb of a heart. In this way he constructs his own mentality, and creates for himself an organised personality. All that we can perceive of this process of learning, one and indivisible, is the peripheric part, with its revelation to us of the work being carried on within.

Whether or no the child reveals to us this inner work must be a matter of indifference; if he does, we can accept the manifestations, but our attitude as teachers will not be altered thereby since our task is confined to one thing and one alone—to helping, at the periphery, the work of growth.

This explains why the new method consists of objects that are continually handled. They constitute a material of use in peripheric work, whereas the ordinary methods aim at penetrating within the periphery, introducing knowledge, and therefore to this end simplifying the things taught. Many still believe that if the unfolding mind is to understand something great, that something should be presented to it in a very small form, easy to grasp according to our ideas. They forget, or perhaps have never realised that the child is not interested in understanding things through the medium of others, but has within him an uncontrollable motor force that urges

him to grasp them for himself, and that only when his mind is allowed to work in its own way can it develop naturally.

These material objects which we offer to the periphery are therefore of tremendous importance, since by them, instead of furnishing an idea or the comprehension of something, we furnish the material embodiment of the idea—an extension of this idea over a wide surface so that the child may have the possibility of work upon it.

Thus, for example, if we are teaching something referring to sensations, we give a series of graded stimuli. If we want to give something which seems like a common multiplication table, we give a decanomial, geometrical, painted, and then expressed in digits so that the mind may work upon it alone. Underlying this educational apparatus is the fundamental principle, that we must offer to the child ideas in a form capable of being extended, making them clear and vast so that he may carry on prolonged work upon them.

Through almost universal repetition, the saying that curiosity stimulates a child in his search for things, has almost come to be regarded as a truism. I have discovered, however, that it is *not* curiosity which urges the child to take in on his own account from the outside world, since a child who has already understood something and is therefore no longer curious, simply because he possesses that knowledge, begins real expansive activity. Such a child is not acting in order to find out something, but is carrying on prolonged activity by which to strengthen and enlarge his mind.

It is essentially some spontaneous inner urge which causes a child to act, and it is upon the discovery of this principle that the new method is based. After curiosity has been satisfied, a form of placid activity starts, and the child becomes a discoverer. All these are manifestations that have been made to us by the child. He gives and we receive them, and I am convinced by them that the new method is on the right track in aiding the child's peripheric activity through external means.

This idea that the periphery is the only part of the child's being that is really clear to us and to which we can address ourselves distinguishes the attitude of our teachers radically, from those of other methods, for the teachers become servants, not illuminators of the spirit, inasmuch as they are not teachers but helpers, and when they have helped the child in the way described, respecting the mystery which lies at the centre of his being, their work is done. They have given the child what he needs to perform his own part.

This is the liberty of the individual. The mystery of the child's inner being is his secret, and we have to guide him while leaving him free. This is the culminating point of liberty. I believe that if the child continues to act on the lines of this method, he will develop into a man who has built up in liberty, an inner world of his own. The child's secret makes for the liberty of the man.

What the mistress has then to learn is to withdraw in all humility, still remaining passionately, closely and minutely attached to all those external rules and material that can help the child. From this training emerges a new type of teacher who can honestly say, "We have discovered what seems a humble path, but which has yielded great fruits; for no one had ever found in children such powers and capacities as have been seen and verified contrary to all expectation, in our children."

All say, in fact, that our children are precocious, intelligent, sweet-natured. This is due to the fact that they have been allowed to work according to their own nature without any superfluous urging.

## THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

## DOES SCIENCE MEAN PROGRESS?

YES, BY PROFESSOR A. M. LOW.

**B**EFORE we can state that any movement represents progress, we must know the goal for which we are making. A man might run a hundred miles, and break records, but if he ran in the wrong direction, his fellow human beings would not be able to appreciate the value of his labours. The question whether Science means real progress, therefore, depends upon the goal. What is the object of scientific research?

The layman is, perhaps, bewildered as well as intrigued and when he finds that the latest discoveries of science are being turned into weapons of destruction or when he reads on one and the same day that a new method of preventing the destruction of coffee plants has been discovered while Brazilian farmers are burning their crop because of over-production, he begins to wonder whether this represents real progress. He is liable to visualise the scientist as a man who is running upstairs on an escalator which is descending, and who, in spite of the appearance of useful work, is really moving backwards.

This attitude is produced, I think, because Science is still on the journey, and has not reached its goal. Unhappiness, both physical and economic, is caused by insufficient rather than too much science. Wars have their origin, for instance, in the maldistribution of population. There are still vast areas of undeveloped land in the world, but our transport is not yet sufficiently cheap or efficient to enable these parts to take their quota of men and women. Science could make warfare obsolete, because rapid transport would result in such an interchange of ideas that the mere thought of war must seem ridiculous.

The goal of every Science is the greater happiness of human beings. This, we believe, can be achieved only by freeing the mind and increasing its capacity. The brain cannot work at its best while it is fettered by the body, and the ultimate object of Science must be to reduce the amount of energy absorbing work which is physically essential. Savages who have to hunt for their dinners, build their own homes and fight their own battles, cannot develop their minds. The man-monkey who first discovered that it was easier to roll a log than to pull it, and thus invented the wheel, began a march towards the end which we are still seeking.

Why do scientists emphasise the importance of the mind? Simply because all our studies suggest that thought is the only permanent thing in the world. We do not understand the electro-chemical workings of the brain as yet, but we know that whereas the body must decay, thought may be permanent. There can be no other rational explanation of immortality. Believing that the most important thing in life is the development of more and better mental capacity, scientists give their lives to this end.

If you examine any scientific discovery and invention, you will find that it has this object in view. The motor car, the aeroplane, the wireless valve, the telephone, the steam engine—these, and a thousand other inventions all have as their ultimate object the freeing of mankind from the curse of Adam, manual labour.

Science definitely means progress. That this progress may be hindered by men who turn wonderful inventions into engines of destruction may prove useful in itself if our minds could see so far. The attitude of Science towards a child with a gun is to teach him how it may be used for the highest purposes, not to take it away lest some enemy might be murdered. World advancement may not be obvious in ten years, but if we can take a longer view, and consider the changes wrought by science in a century, it is obvious that even the system of semi-civilisation of which we are so proud to-day, does represent progress.

NO, BY JOHN MEADOWS

**B**EFORE answering the vague question, "does science mean progress" it may not be amiss to define our terms, a practice advocated, though seldom practised by modern professional scientists. "Science" means the knowledge of natural facts. Just that. Progress, on the other hand, rotates to two totally distinct spheres—the natural and the supernatural, the supernatural sphere embracing mind, character and free-will.

Taking the supernatural sphere first, Progress is clearly possible and, furthermore, exactly definable if moral conduct has an ideal standard such as Christianity offers. Intellectual progress, though distinct from spiritual progress, is again a personal and individual phenomenon, depending, as with spiritual progress, upon the extent to which each individual cultivates from youth upwards his native reasoning and creative faculties. Society is only a complication of individuals and it therefore follows that spiritually and intellectually a generation of men and women can only be said to have progressed if, in bulk, that generation has excelled in moral and intellectual cultivation the generations that preceded it. The possibility of supernatural progress or retrogression, is thus a great reality, and in practice progress and retrogression have extended throughout history. The golden age of Greece, intellectually, and the despised Victorian age, morally were assuredly nearer the ideal than is an unhappy and groping nation. The realm of intellect and character is thus untouched by science for few will maintain that societies would have been wiser, or St. John more saintly, if they had travelled to their daily work in an aeroplane or a motor-coach instead of in an ox-wagon or on their ten toes. Thus, in the supernatural sphere, science does not mean progress any more than chalk means cheese.

Turning to the physical, the natural sphere, the only sphere which natural physical facts can influence directly, does science mean progress? It may and it may not, progress depending upon whether the new discoveries enable us to achieve an old object more efficiently, expeditiously, or cheaply than by an old means. The discovery of steam gave us railways which enormously increased the mobility and trade of the world, though not necessarily increasing its happiness, and certainly not its moral grandeur. The discovery of the internal combustion engine gave us motor coaches and, because the motor is relatively new it is assumed to be progressive. But is it? Does wireless telegraphy mark progress over cables, as did cables over letters? Did airships show progress over liners?

Is there, then, no criterion of material progress? I think there is, and one by which most twentieth century science miserably fails to register progress. Economics is the acid test of true matured progress, a test triumphantly surmounted by railways, steamships, electric light and traction, cables, and so forth. These great discoveries, made, it should be noted, in all cases by humble men with no pretensions to be "scientists," and ignorant of the very term "scientific research," stood on their merits without artificial stimulation.

But what of the latter day "scientific progress"? What of motor transport, wireless telegraphy, "commercial" aviation, synthetic oil from coal? One and all fostered and boosted with public funds without which all would languish, and some would become extinct. What of those monstrous airships, claimed by scientists to be the last word of scientific progress?

May we not say, therefore, that science means material progress if the science is true science and not pseudo-science, and if the progress is true progress, or in other words advantageous?



## INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE IN ANIMALS

BY TOM DICKIE.

THERE seems to be some confusion in the minds of most people as to what is instinct and what intelligence in animals and birds: for "intelligence" I therefore propose to substitute the word "wisdom" as it more clearly describes what I mean.

One meets it in dogs, cats and anthropoid apes, but the horse is often credited with more of it than he possesses.

Who has not heard the remark about a favourite hunter: "He is so wise. He always whinnies when he hears the lid of the oats bin being opened." This does not strike me as a great demonstration of intelligence, any more than the fact that the horse will recognise his groom's footfalls. The domestic hen is considered rather a fool, yet she knows the poultryman's step and the rattle of the food bucket will send her flying from the nearest midden.

I have known a horse which learned to raise a corn-shute and so obtain oats. This was proudly produced as an example of super-intelligence yet it is taken for granted that hens possess enough brains to perform such feats, for there is, in common use, a form of hopper for these alleged farmyard fools, where the hens must strike a thing vaguely resembling an old-fashioned bell-pull in order to release their dinners. It is customary first to put some oats in the "bell pull" to encourage them to peck at it but, if one hen in the yard knows the trick, the others will at once copy it. This to me puts the vaunted wisdom of the horse in about the same category as that of the hen.

Even small birds can learn such simple tricks: for instance, a redpoll quickly learns to obtain its food from a little moving carriage with the aid of a pulley.

The deep reasoning intelligence of some of the great apes is a very different matter: I once knew a chimpanzee called Gertrude who used to lead a fox terrier named Snip about the gardens of a large house.

Snip treated Gertrude with all the respect due to a human and followed her devotedly either free or on the lead.

One day Snip's litter sister, from the farm nearby, came into the garden and Gertrude mistook her for Snip; she took the stranger by the collar and tried to lead her away, with the result that her hand was bitten to the bone.

She came running into the house, screaming and crying, and blubbered while her hand was cauterized and bound but was as proud as a child of her bandage.

That afternoon the unsuspecting Snip rushed up to her mistress who, with a howl of fury, seized her by the leg and threw her over a six foot wall.

For a week Gertrude would not let the little dog near her but she moped for lack of companionship. At the end of that time Gertrude, who weighed eleven stone, was held by a rope secured round her middle, and the two fox terriers on leads paraded before her. They were so alike that even together it was difficult to tell one from the other. Gertrude bared her fangs and roared at them both impartially.

Suddenly she realized that there were two white dogs and that there might have been a mistake somewhere. She looked keenly from one to the other; it was so clear to the onlookers that she perfectly understood the situation that the man holding her rope released her. She crossed the room to Snip and grasped her lead; then with her free hand, she made a sudden threatening gesture at the farm dog, turned and amiably walked with Snip into the garden.

The beaver has gained a great reputation for wisdom, owing to his skill in constructing dams and felling trees, but I doubt if he deserves this, any more than

does the wren for her beautifully made nest or the rabbit for his ingenious underground home which, with its scoot holes, listening galleries and well placed lookouts, is almost a fortress.

I have seen a dog which, having been taken twice to a veterinary surgeon to be treated for a sore paw, returned each morning and held up his pad to be dressed; the really interesting part of this story is that he ceased to go of his own accord as soon as his bandage was taken off, thus proving that his visits to the vet on the previous occasions were not due to habit.

Presumably he had found that the vet had eased his pain on the first two occasions, probably by releasing pus, and when the pain, due to more pus gathering, recurred, remembered that the vet had eased him before.

At first glance this seems to come very near to reasoning: one would not think it extraordinary for a dog which had twice been fed at a certain place to return to it: it is the application by an animal of an old principle in a new direction which is extraordinary—the dog, in fact, showed a flexibility of mind which was in marked contrast to the machine-like behaviour of the beaver in the matter of the felled tree. In addition the vet hurt the dog yet the dog had enough sense to endure pain and return for more, once he had discovered that the lesser pain cured the greater.

It is of the flexibility of mind that horses seem so markedly deficient: they are capable of associating ideas—if they have been frightened at a certain spot they will, habitually, shy at that spot thereafter; the fact that the original cause of their fear has disappeared will not influence them at all.

Horses can be taught to do certain things as a result of habit and association of ideas but I have never yet seen or heard of any case which proves that a horse possesses that flexibility of mind which would enable him to think as we understand the word and to display initiative.

In the case of wild animals the most remarkable exhibitions of intelligence or inherited and instinctive wisdom are the result of fear either for themselves or for their off-spring.

Many birds, amongst them plovers and ducks, will sham wounded to draw enemies away from their nests and young, a mother partridge fluffs herself out so that she looks incredibly large and attacks on sight what menaces her brood—it is difficult to say whether these are evidence of intelligence or of inherited instinct. One feels that the rigidity of the performances proves that the actions are the result of inherited impulses, for each breed has its own tricks and never departs from them.

Hunted foxes and hares display considerable ingenuity and one, at least, of their tricks cannot be the result of ancient heredity; they will run along railway lines keeping on the metal rails.

This appears to be a further application of the habit, common to hunted animals, of running in a stream to destroy their scent—the cold rail may have suggested cold water: actually it has much the same effect.

Whatever the explanation we have here another departure from inherited custom and where we have such departures, not as the result of training or imitation but arising spontaneously, it is difficult to deny that the animal in question must possess something closely resembling what we call reason—such evidences are, however, exceedingly rare.

I have found on analysis that the vast majority of cases of so-called reasoned intelligence merely showed either association of ideas or inherited instinct or a combination of the two.



## MEMORIES OF IRELAND

## III.—A SPELL ON SHANKS MARE.

BY LYLE DONAGHY.

ONE of the keys I dropped into the rill in Glen Macnaas was my key of the room I shared with Donogh in 13 Botany Bay, Trinity College. When I found first that the key was missing and remembered how I had lost it, I decided at once that I would go back for it, more especially as there were other keys on the ring that would have been less easily replaced. When I dropped the keys, some one had drawn my attention to the fact, and I myself saw them glittering brightly under the water, but as I was busy with the quartz crystal, I merely remarked that I would pick them up in a second, which of course I did not. I could not go back at once, however, and did not in the meantime get a new key for my rooms. I was therefore obliged to be borrowing Donogh's frequently, which was a great nuisance to both of us, while at other times we left the door open, which had equal, if not greater disadvantages. We carried on so, for two or three weeks, until circumstances combined to drive me out on the roads. The chief circumstance was Donogh, who was anxious to have the door locked again. But I was, in any case, desirous of drawing another breath, and here was an excellent objective for a walk.

Therefore about twelve o'clock on Saturday I set out walking to Glen Macnaas. The first stage of my journey was completed about two o'clock and I sat down to lunch at Hellfire Club, filled my pipe after the repast, and walked slowly over the Featherbeds, past Noel Lemass's grave, and down the slope into Glenchree. The sun, which had shone so far, went in, and the day became gloomy. By the time I had descended into Glenchree it was already getting dark. The last of the light faded as I steadied myself on knees and hands on four stones over the edge of Loch Bray, and took my last draught of water for a while. The darkness became thick and a fine rain fell as I went up the hill on the other side of the Glen. Once past Sally Gap, the mountain road becomes an unfrequented track for miles through wide-extending bog, flanked with hills which are generally varied slate shades, misty and lonely looking. By day the low mossy ruins of stone-built edifices at a point on the left, and the memory of them by night suggest a haunted desert. Peat stacks on higher little plats of ground by the road, just distinguishable in the darkness, were the only other thing besides the road itself to remind one of human activity. I had settled down by now into a leisurely tramp. The thoughts that went through my mind had the indistinctness of reverie. I was aroused from them by the notion that something moved before me in the self-limited ocean of dark, which only memory or imagination bordered at far distances with mountains. Nothing was really visible in the whole waste of darkness but the faint fading grey of the road. Owing to the fact that the broken crystal of the road even in its muddy-sanded state, has a greater reflecting power than the objects on either side, as the dark falls, other things gradually lose their radiance, while the road, muddy or black by day, becomes vaguely phosphorescent in darkness. Over this phosphorescent way something moved now with a soft running pad before me. I stopped, it stopped; I moved again, it also moved, pad, on. I stopped again and bowed low over it.

Nothing whatever was visible. Considerations of flight went through my mind, chiefly the advisability of turning back and running, but I do not think that for an instant I had the shadow of an intention of doing this. Though every hair of my head at that moment indicated the Pole Star, I went on again—for whatever reasons a man goes on in such circumstances, among others for the reason that even an invisible menace is better in

front of one than behind. The thing went ahead of me still. I was growing accustomed to the extreme state of tension in which I was. I quickened my pace, and as it quickened its pace in front of me, I broke at last into a run. Then the padding diverged a little off the phosphorescence, subsiding on the dark of the side-ground. There I could see its white shape, exactly the same grey-white as the road, marked ever so faintly against the lightless background. Leaving the sheep by the roadside, I went on once more.

After this I began to feel very tired and coming to one of the peat stacks, leaned with my back up against it, sheltered from the wind; but sleep threatened to overcome me, and I feared that if I slept there the cold in an hour or two would lead me to invade the rick of clods, or build myself into a turf sarcophagus. Besides that, I had to get to Glen Macnaas. I had developed on many a lone tramp at night the ability to walk asleep, sometimes, and for quite long stretches, with my eyes shut, opening them only at turns of the road, when my feet like a blind man's, struck different ground, or when I walked into a sheugh. I covered the greater part of the remainder of my journey to Glen Macnaas walking asleep in this way. I reached the Glen probably about two in the morning, and came down on the waterfall from above. Something tempted me in the dark softness of the night and the quiet of the one sound, to find a large rock ten or fifteen yards back from the fall and a little out in the water, which I knew could be reached by smaller rocks, as I had reached it thus last time I was there. Going very carefully, on my hands and knees, and peering closely at the stones and water, I got to the right rock at last, after several false starts. Here I sat for a long time, thoughtless, or in one of those states in which feeling and thought became a deeper unity, until the cool draught made me seek the bank again.

So I found as flat and dry a ledge of rock as possible on the sloping face of the cliff on the other side of the road, which here ran a parallel course to the river down the valley. It was not easy to find a ledge, for the iron-stained water oozed and trickled everywhere out of the mountain. I found one eventually and it must have been very well heated by the sun last day, for it was not yet quite cold. Sitting down I pulled out half of the meal I had provided myself with, before leaving Rathfarnham. This half was a tin of sardines. With an involuntary prayer that it would work rightly and the ribbon of metal foil fold sweetly round it, so as to expose the sardines to touch, I turned the key. Luck was in my favour and nothing remained in the tin after a few moments but a little olive oil that would not pour.

I fell asleep and was awakened at dawn by the chill. I walked quickly down the road to warm myself—too quickly, for I was afraid of passing the spot where the keys, if they had not been found by some child or passer-by, should still be lying, and I could not hope to find them, most likely, rusted over, until the light had strengthened a little. By good fortune, I paused at almost the exact spot, which was easily discoverable by the white flakes of stone scattered there. At first there was no sign of the keys, and I was ready to go on my journey without them, but to make sure, I stooped and raked the gravelly silt with my fingers. The keys came up, then, from an inch below, thoroughly rusted but probably still usable, and greatly satisfied that I had now accomplished the object of my journey, I went whistling down the Glen.

My intention was to go home by the sea but I lost my way soon afterwards and discovered, after walking an

hour in the wrong direction, that I had been heading for Wicklow. Once on the right road again, I had a comparatively uneventful, extremely pleasant journey, going as I hoped in the direction of Bray. About the middle of the day I sat down and ate the other half biscuit and another bar of chocolate. The sun was high and shining brilliantly and it was hot walking. When I made to go on again I realised that my feet, not lately accustomed to such consistent faring, had swollen to about twice their size, or so I felt, at any rate. I took off my shoes and carried them, walking for a mile or so in my stockings. Then I would do another mile in my shoes, which I slit down to the toe-cap, and another in my stockings, till a beautiful elmwood arose at each side of the road, peopled with red squirrel. I hope they are still there, because the grey fellows, as the grey rats have mostly done with the brown, have ousted the ancient squirrel inhabitants of Ireland even from their woods in the north, where they used to be plentiful, and they are growing rarer daily in the country.

Once again there was a mizzling rain, which a persistent wind blew aslant. A mile along the lane I came close to a horse, a shaggy, beaten up nag, that stood right in the middle of the way. He had adopted the posture that beasts instinctively do in his circumstances. He had turned his hindquarters to the wind and falling mizzle, and appeared to be looking into the ditch in numb melancholy, resigned to a fate he could not better. He must have been asleep, for he made no stir, not so much as winked an ear, till I was almost upon him. Then he let out the most terrible neigh that

was ever heard, a long-drawn-out, terrified neigh and at the same time, casting his heels wildly up in the air, was gone at a clattering gallop. He belonged to some tinkers camped near at hand, but if I had not come on their patched tents of sacking, the larger tent gabled by the body of the spring cart, I should never have believed to this day that it was flesh and blood had stood so still on the road and made that awful noise vanishing.

Actually I reached the sea in the end at Killiney. As I had no money but a bare fourpence in my pocket, and felt disinclined to seek hospitality other than is generally at the disposal of the vagrant population of the roads, and as I was too tired to seek other accommodation, I burrowed myself into the still warm sand on the foreshore at Killiney. The tide was going out and in any case it did not at this season come within ten or fifteen feet of the spot I had chosen. The cold wakened me earlier this morning than the last, and as soon as I had breakfasted on the remainder of the biscuit and chocolate, allowing a big number of chews to the bite, in order that I might have the greatest benefit possible from the small amount, I climbed to the road above. It was daybreak as I passed through Dalkey and near Dun Laoghaire the sun rose over the sea. The sunrise was one of those lovely ones in which blowy freshness and bright rose tints, visible between houses or behind masts, combine to vanquish the worst chill and depression. I got part of the way back from here on the first tram, but the conductor wrathfully chucked me out for a tramp when the fourpence had spent itself.

## EXCELSIOR! EXCELSIOR!

By PETER TRAILL.

"WE shall be late," was the remark with which John Tellman's wife greeted her husband on his return from the city. As a rule she was not particular to a quarter of an hour when he made his appearance, but that night of all nights she thought that she was entitled to draw attention to his unpunctuality.

"Don't you worry," he replied, "there has never been a time yet when I haven't had to wait for you in the end." With which he hurled his black coat and waistcoat on to the only vacant chair which he could see in the bedroom, pulled off his shoes without troubling to unlace them and tore off his trousers, to leave them a crumpled mass on the top of his waistcoat. Rushing in his underclothes from the bedroom into the bathroom where the remains from his wife's bath, freshened by the addition of a little more hot water, awaited his body, he hastily stripped himself and two minutes from his galvanic entry was lying on his back gazing at the slightly discoloured ceiling.

John Tellman was forty years of age; a thin spare man who got all the enjoyment out of life which his earnings permitted him. His brown eyes were lively and gave no hint that he suffered from an existence of continual disappointment. His nose was sharp and full of humour—that, too, gave the lie to his innate despondency. His mouth was wide and generous which accorded ill with his secret thoughts. Not that he was not generous; he was. Not that he did not look on the light side of things; he did. Not that he had not a lively air, he had. He was a very hospitable creature, but being a companionable man his discontent and disappointment with his lot lay in the fact that he could not be as companionable as he would have liked to be.

These thoughts were uppermost in his mind as he lay in the bath, because one of his oldest friends, who had always had so much to spend that he didn't know what to do with it, had arrived in London the previous evening and invited himself and his wife to dine with him at the Excelsior, go to a theatre and have a little supper somewhere afterwards. He calculated roughly that

the evening's amusement would cost Arthur Goodal the best part of fifteen pounds—it might be a bit more considering the amount of champagne that Arthur could "put down" when he tried. "Probably the thick end of twenty pounds by the time he's finished," John Tellman murmured to himself.

"Do you think that shirt you wore at the Reece's will do, or do you want a clean one?" his wife interrupted him.

"A clean one," he replied, but his mind was not upon his answer. Twenty pounds was a lot of money; a pound perhaps or a couple of pounds could always be managed more or less. But twenty pounds. Phew!

They were not late, as John Tellman's wife had predicted; on the contrary they were a few minutes early and the headwaiter, who had a great respect for Arthur Goodal—as well he might considering the way in which Arthur Goodal subsidised him—left his pitch at the entrance to the dining-room and came down the foyer to greet them. He had been at the Excelsior a good many years and knew that once or twice a year Arthur Goodal always invited a dark man and his wife to dinner. They had, too, attended several large dinner parties there which Arthur Goodal gave now and again to celebrate his own birthdays or the deaths of his wealthier relatives. He had focussed them, and being a very good headwaiter he never allowed anyone to get out of focus. Whether he thought that John Tellman was as rich as Arthur Goodal and behaved towards him with the same deference in the hope that he would patronise the Excelsior to the exclusion of the Ritz or the Carlton or wherever he did dine usually, or because he was just a gentleman, John Tellman had never been able to make up his mind.

He came up to them now, and while John Tellman's shoes became bogged in the luscious azure and gold pile of the carpet, engaged them for a moment in pleasant enquiries as to their well being. While he stood beside them John Tellman leant back in his little white armchair with its blue seat and felt that he owned half the hotel. His heart grew mellow under the faint strains of the



orchestra, his tongue whispered to him that shortly he would enjoy a cocktail that was the best cocktail ever made, and a dinner which would melt in the mouth.

"Ah, here is Mr. Goodal," the headwaiter broke off his conversation with them. "Good evening, sir; your table's quite ready. You would like a cocktail?" He beckoned an underling and retired.

Like all dinners which Arthur Goodal gave at the Excelsior this one was perfectly ordered. Indeed it was principally toward his friend that John Tellman's secret animation was directed. It was not ingratitude; on the contrary, he would not have missed the evenings for anything, but it was the knowledge that he could himself order similar meals just as well and get the same enjoyment out of other people's pleasure—only he hadn't got the money.

He sipped his Bollinger 1919 and gazed at the silver and blue hangings. Out of the corner of his eye he noted an Indian potentate and speculated upon the wealth of the Indies. He let his fancy roam and contemplated the adventure of stealing one jewel from a temple.

"A good wine this, John?" Arthur Goodal's remark brought him back from a heroic contest with a myriad Hindus for the possession of an emerald the size of an ostrich's egg.

"Excellent, I think it's better than 'the Widow,'" he replied almost mechanically, and, as he raised his glass to sip, he thought to himself—"one of these days, my lad, you are going to throw a party in this place that'll make even them sit up."

Time went on, while Arthur Goodal continued to entertain his friends, the Tellmans, at the Excelsior every so often; every so often the headwaiter greeted them and every so often John Tellman kept telling himself that one of these days he would make the place sit up. One of the troubles which beset him, however, was that he was generous and was always entertaining people at less expensive places in return for hospitality received or favours granted.

He passed forty-five, and never during those years had he been able to flog twenty pounds, let alone a hundred, into the blue sky, not caring whether they fell upon good or stony ground. His nose became sharper, his eyes brighter and his mouth wider, if that were possible, but his underlying dissatisfaction became more acute and the doctrine of Mr. Micawber, ingrained in his youth, was maintained in his middle age to the detriment of any fulfilment of his desire by the exhibition of a total lack of balance. In the city he plodded along at his stockbroker's job, and while he made plenty of "turns," they were small ones. Nevertheless, slowly and surely he amassed a certain amount of capital, and slowly and surely he approached the position when the loss of ten pounds by merely frittering it away could be withstood. Once he had arrived there, the rest followed more easily and eventually he returned home to his wife in high fettle.

"What about a bite at the Excelsior?" he asked her.

"The Where?" his wife said; not because she was hard of hearing, but just because she didn't want to listen.

"The Excelsior—I thought perhaps we might run in there, go to a show and return for a little supper." He was elaborately careless; he would have liked to have been elaborately careless with a hundred guests, but he knew now that his great ambition would never be realised. He could never "set the place on fire," but he could afford to take his wife or a couple of friends there whenever he felt inclined.

"Dinner is all arranged here," his wife said. "I can't put it off now."

"Let 'em eat it up in the kitchen," John Tellman replied. It was an old gesture, that one, and he knew it; moreover it was one which his wife had long ago ceased to appreciate.

"When you come home in time," she said, "I think the least that you can do is to dine here. Half my life you have spent telephoning me up and saying that you

can't get back; with the result that the majority of dinners which I order are eaten in the kitchen. You don't suppose that I get in these meals for myself, do you?"

"I know all that," John Tellman said impatiently, "but to-night I thought we'd go out, as I got away early." His wife put her book down and sighed.

"I suppose I shall have to put on something elaborate if we're going to the Excelsior," she answered, and John Tellman thought how funny it was that it never appeared to occur to her that there was anything unusual in their going to the Excelsior. "I'd much sooner stay in," she continued, "besides we always go to that place with Arthur." John Tellman's good temper suddenly reached its limit.

"Well, I want to go without him for once," he said decisively. His wife reading the danger signal in his eye stopped arguing.

"What a queer person you are, John," she said getting up. "I think shall wear my new black," she added inconsequently as she left the room.

When, an hour and a half later, she was ready to leave she found her husband waiting for her; he had been waiting for a considerable time.

"What do you want to go and see afterwards?" he asked in the taxi.

"I thought that you'd got tickets for something," she answered.

"I haven't done anything about it," he said. "The headwaiter chap will suggest something good, I expect," he added.

On the taxi reaching the Excelsior, he handed his wife out and paid off the cab, reflecting at the same time, that the absence of the commissionaire was inexcusable. Turning away from the kerb he hurried towards the familiar swing doors outside which his wife was waiting for him. The place was in darkness and as he gazed up in bewildered fashion she suddenly laughed.

"What a fool I am!" she exclaimed. "It was all in the papers this morning." John Tellman who had read nothing carefully in his life except the Financial Times looked at her suspiciously.

"What was?" he asked.

"They are going to start pulling down the Excelsior to-morrow," she said.

"What for?" he asked mulishly.

"They say that it's out of date; they're going to build a new hotel. It's to be called the Excelsissimus."

"Excelsissimus!" John Tellman repeated.

"It's going to be the most luxurious hotel in the world," his wife informed him. "Twice as expensive as the Excelsior." John Tellman's bright eyes and humorous expression deserted him; he suddenly looked old.

"Oh, I see," he said heavily. "Well, we can't stand about here." They went to one of his usual haunts where he could throw about a pound note, and when he threw it, he realised that, just as in the past the Excelsior had been beyond his pocket, so in the future would be the Excelsissimus.

By the time they had returned home, however, he had recovered his temper again and would have succeeded in keeping it for the rest of the night if a letter had not come for him on the last post.

"My dear John," he read aloud to his wife, "having a great time going round the world. Got a chit from the Excelsior people which caught me up to-day in Tokio. They tell me that they rebuilding the place—about time too. They are opening the Excelsissimus on September 25 next. I shall be home by then and hope that you and your wife will join the party I'm going to give to celebrate the occasion. They are keeping on most of the staff, including the admirable Jacques, Yours, Arthur."

"Now isn't that nice of him," John Tellman's wife commented.

"Damn and blast!" was all that John Tellman could manage to answer.



# FILMS

By MARK FORREST

*Street Scene.* Directed by King Vidor. The Regal.

*Cameradschaft.* Directed by G. W. Pabst. Private Show.

*His Son.* Directed by Edward Sloman. The Plaza.

MR. ELMER RICE's play, "Street Scene," with which he won the Pulitzer prize in America, is not one which demands much action and is not, therefore, a play which lends itself to the cinema, though the comings and goings of lodgers up and down the street and on and about the front steps of the boarding house, while the life of the immediate neighbourhood eddies about them, is shown with greater reality and in better perspective with the help of the camera. Again when tragedy overtakes gossip and, for a brief moment, the drab apartment house becomes the centre of interest for the passer-by, the camera accomplishes with ease what the theatre can only do with difficulty. The crowds in the street, the dislocation of the traffic and the sudden and immediate importance of the Maurrants are emphasised much more surely when the foreground can be enlarged to embrace the increased interest.

Mr. Vidor has avoided the temptation to make that enlargement any greater than the author needs—when all is said and done this shooting by a husband of his wife and her lover is of no matter for more than a moment to those who do not live in the street—and he has not allowed the camera to get out of hand, as perhaps Mr. de Mille would have been tempted to do. The result is a good transcription which, though it drags a little in the love scenes between the Maurrants' daughter, Rose, and her young Jewish adorer owing to too much talk, is a definite addition to the small list pictures which are out of the common rut. The acting is excellent except for Estelle Taylor's performance of Mrs. Maurrant; she is not my idea of this woman. As Rose Sylvia Sidney is charming and sympathetic, while George Humbert characterises the excitable Italian very surely to provide some of the light touches of which an entertainment of this kind stands in need.

After seeing this picture, with which I was at the time fairly satisfied, I went on to a private view of Mr. Pabst's "Cameradschaft." When that had been running about a couple of minutes I lost all my enthusiasm for "Street Scene," and settled down to enjoy one of the few masterpieces which the screen has so far produced. Whether the story of tragedy in a coal mine will ever come before the general public, I do not know; but that it should, and immediately, is a matter of no doubt. The dialogue is in German and French according to which of the two neighbouring mines is the object of interest, and its presence will probably lead the commercially minded cinema managers to boycott the picture; nevertheless the photography is so superb and the direction so sure that the eye has no difficulty in following, and the mind in grasping, the extremely strong and simple thread of the story. The theme is the essential humanity of mankind and that Mr. Pabst has not been buried beneath its weight is a tribute to the breadth of his own vision. The disaster in the French mine and the spontaneous offer of help from the German miners in the neighbouring one; the disappearance for the moment of all frontiers and the discovery of the essential kinship of mankind form the backbone of this picture which is more valuable, except when measured on the gold basis, than the whole of last year's American output.

The new picture at the Plaza contains Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper and, what all the women at the trade show called, "a divine baby." Man's abysmal ignorance of feeding bottles and like matters is the only part of the story which bears much relationship to life, but it is competently directed.

# THEATRE

By GILBERT WAKEFIELD

*Acting: A Book for Amateurs.* By Seymour Hicks. Cassell. 5s. 0d.

*Gladys Cooper.* By Gladys Cooper. Hutchinson 12s. 6d.

*The Farmer's Wife.* By Eden Phillpotts. Queen's Theatre.

I SHOULD have thought before I read this book, that Mr. Seymour Hicks was the very last person to write a text-book for amateur actors. That he is the finest, and also the naughtiest, comedian on the English stage to-day; that he has, more perhaps than any other English actor living, that inexplicable, and ungovernable, thing called Genius; that he is a "born" actor, with a true instinctive flair and temperament—all this is as obvious "as any the most vulgar thing to sense"; and if anybody doubts it, he has only to go to the Whitehall Theatre, and endure the play for the sake of Mr. Hicks's acting.

But as Mr. Philip Page remarks in his Foreword, even "consummate genius" is not necessarily a qualification for instructing others. One might even argue that when acting comes as naturally and as comparatively easily to a man as one feels perfectly certain that it comes to Mr. Hicks, that man is probably less conscious of the means by which he achieves his effects, and is therefore less qualified to give instruction, than would be the actor whose success had been attained by a long course of study and self-education and experience. Indeed, Mr. Hicks admits this disadvantage—though naturally he is not so immodest as to apply it to himself! "The art of acting cannot be taught," he writes; "a man can either act or he can't—and that ends it." And he adds that "the really fine actors, being born, do by instinct three-quarters of that which has to be acquired by those who are merely 'good'".

It is therefore no use purchasing this book in the hope of learning how to act. You may learn to be an actor; you may even derive from it a vague—a very vague—idea of what acting is; but you will very soon discover it is something that can no more be acquired by study or practice, than a singer's voice can. Study can develop it, practice can perfect it; but if the seed is not there to begin with, cultivation of the soil is wasted labour.

Of what use, then, is this, or indeed any, text-book to the amateur actor? The answer is that with study, perseverance, a modicum of intelligence and an irrepressible enthusiasm, a man may make for himself a passably good substitute for innate genius. Indeed, were this not so, more than half the West End theatres of London would be empty. In the case of the amateur actor, one may take for granted the enthusiasm and the perseverance; what he needs is someone who will guide him in his use of these blind gifts, an instructor in the technique of the art of acting.

And that is precisely what Mr. Seymour Hicks attempts to do—and does, I fancy, with appreciable success. True, it appears to be almost consistently negative counsel that he has to offer; but this is less surprising when one reflects that probably no amateur actor sees in the way of his giving a creditable performance any obstacle more formidable than stage-fright and amnesia.

Apart from these, there seems nothing to prevent him from speaking his lines intelligibly and intelligently, and doing any "business" that may fall to his lot, with the requisite grace and efficacy.

Well, provided he avoids the hundred-and-one pitfalls which Mr. Hicks has collected in this volume for the

warning of optimistic amateurs, there really is nothing to prevent him doing this, and thus giving that quite competent performance with which audiences—not only at amateur, but at professional performances—must fain as a rule be satisfied. There are no tips, no rules, no technical advice, which can raise the actor above this level of impeccable mediocrity. For that he must have the wings of genius. With the planes of artifice there are limits to his flight; and if he tries to soar beyond those limits—well, every schoolboy knows the fate of Icarus.

Miss Gladys Cooper's book is strangely dull; for the actress-author is either very imperceptive, or regrettably uncommunicative, about those "scores of celebrities" and "encounters with the great and distinguished people of the world," to whom her publisher makes appetizing reference on the wrapper. It is only fair, however, to remark that the title of the book is not "My Memoirs" or "My Life," but "Gladys Cooper." And it certainly gives at least a rough idea of the character and personality which, together with her beauty, have made her the best-known actress on the English stage; the only serious actor-manager in London; and the only manager who has combined commercial success with a consistently high artistic standard.

"The Farmer's Wife" is an entirely commonplace, rough-and-tumble farce, at which criticism would not be disposed to throw either bricks or bouquets, were it not for the fact that it ran, when originally produced in 1924, for more than thirteen hundred consecutive performances.

To be fair to Mr. Phillpott's play, I must state that, provided you do not find the whole of this Uncle-Tom-Cobbler business dull and silly, you are not likely to find any portion of it dull or silly. It prattles along with unflagging enthusiasm, is careful never to pursue any argument too long or to probe any sentiment too deeply, and is played by a large and accomplished band of actors with an indefatigable briskness.

The farmer of the play is Samuel Sweetland, a widower, of Devon. Wishful to remarry, he proposes in turn to the three of his neighbours he considers the most suitable, and is rejected by them all. These proposals are the "high-spots" of the farce, and honesty compels me to admit that, though in each case the humour is extremely simple and more physiognomical than intellectual, Mr. Phillpott has at least avoided the danger of monotonous repetition by selecting, as the victims of the farmer's ardent wooing, three entirely different types from the cupboards of discarded nineteenth century stock characters. There is even something strangely human and indeed original in the portrait of Thirza Tapper drawn (in collaboration with the author) by Miss Maud Gill. In addition to these rather boisterous proceedings, there are also two more juvenile and genuine romances running through the pattern of the play, and in these Mr. Roger Livesey and Miss Eileen Beldon act with nicely blended humour and sincerity.

Mr. Melville Cooper, as the Farmer, appears to have resumed his part at the point where, after playing it for over three years, he laid it temporarily aside in 1927. In other words, his swift, slick, sure, yet rather (I felt) distraught performance is probably some twenty-five per cent. inferior artistically to that which he gave at the original performance. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke makes some large and highly decorative bricks out of the scanty straw provided by the author for the part of Churdles Ash, and scatters them rather recklessly about the stage. But the fact that the play occasionally trips over them, is hardly a matter for critical complaint, when the play is of such comparatively small account as it is in this case. Miss Evelyn Hope as usual is a pillar of quiet, unostentatious strength as Araminta Dench, who eventually becomes the Farmer's second wife.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### MODERNISM.

SIR,—Is there not a certain amount of confusion of thought in much of the current discussion on Modernism and on how far it will be effective?

In essence, what is Modernism but the application of the spirit of progress to religion? That being so, in the nature of things it cannot be static. It cannot limit itself to the philosophical or scientific ideas of our own or any other period. Its main office is that of preventing people's ideas from being fossilized. It keeps them moving.

Therefore, Modernism is bound to be permanent. Its permanence, however, is in its spirit, not in the forms of any time. When, in the Middle Ages, St. Thomas Aquinas and other scholastic philosophers began their speculations, they were regarded as revolutionary by the more unprogressive thinkers. When the Renaissance came in later ages, the scholastics themselves were looked on as antiquated, and they themselves looked on the Humanists as revolutionary.

Thus it goes on. Modernism simply means, "keep moving." Human thought will always do that, so Modernism must necessarily be permanent. It is a movement which always goes on, while changing its form with progress.

\*Highbury, N.5.

J. W. POYNTER.

### THE COLLAPSE OF RATIONALISATION.

SIR,—Nothing more spectacular has occurred in the past two years than the evidence publicly offered of the failure of the much boomed rationalisation. In railway, shipping, transmission, and manufacturing organisations one or another unwieldy combine has toppled to the ground or is undergoing at the instance of its bankers a drastic internal and/or capital overhaul. Yet it was bankers in the first instance who forced the whole idea upon us.

Of course their clogged minds misread the road-signs of a well tried route whereby a bankrupt or struggling business is absorbed by a rich rival or product-utilising concern out of its own reserves at a knock-out price: they muddled up real trade monopolies such as tobacco or patented goods: they were bemused by the vertical trust of U.S.A. and Germany. But they were beaten, if truth be told, by English law.

For our company practices owe inspiration to the old Common Law, ever mistrustful of "conspiracy" and keen champion of minority rights. And in amalgamation and in operation these huge new forced bankers' deals in our industries—often a couple of old rousés weakly propped together rather than allowed to fall separately—have broken miserably down in day to day working. For it is then that no City solicitor can advise as sound in law the only action which experienced business so often dictates, inasmuch as such action in essence overrules established legal-rights or some one or other party within the combine.

INDIVIDUALIST.

### HEAR ALL SIDES

SIR,—I am a new reader of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, and congratulate you upon giving publicity to unorthodox opinions such as Communism. I am a Conservative, but the strange mixture of Socialism and Individualism which is undermining our civilisation needs a touch of reality, and Communism provides it.

One can even understand their hatred of Christianity, for Christianity is unworkable without repentance; and wholesale almsgiving will not cure poverty, and may be just as demoralising when administered by Christian Socialists, as it was in the middle ages.

In any case the proportion of disinterested almoners was probably higher then, than now; and our State controlled system appears to be too expensive to endure.

W. Dulwich

M. ORR



## THE CATALAN QUESTION.

SIR,—I, too, have a bone to pick with Sir Charles Petrie, and his recent article on Spain. He appears to take exception to King Alfonso's handling of Catalonia. I wonder if he knows that His Majesty offered to let Catalonia become a separate Republic? On the condition—a most reasonable one, surely—that the Custom House officials should be stationed along the dividing frontier—as with every other foreign country. To which the Catalans would not agree.

Of course it would have meant the transferring of all Spanish commerce to another port on the South Coast of Spain—Alicante for choice. And it would have entailed a certain loss to Spain, as the magnificent port of Barcelona was built with Spanish money.

Menton.

E. B. FLOWER.

## FASHIONS IN EDUCATION.

SIR,—It appears to be thought, by some educationalists, that a boy's public school education should not include both Mathematics and Classics. Dr. Alington, Headmaster of Eton, at a recent conference, demurred to a boy's being subjected to courses in both Latin and Algebra.

This curious attitude is no doubt due to a consciousness of the deterioration which in recent years seems to have taken place in the teaching of both Latin and Algebra. Latin has been mistakenly regarded as if it were a spoken language (which it may have been in Elizabethan grammar schools when boys had to converse in Latin whether at work or play); but we may be sure that no attempt was then made to de-anglicise the pronunciation of vowels (and some consonants) as is done in schools now—at the expense of reading and learning. After all we have no gramophone records of ancient Roman speech (as our amused posterity will have of ours); if in the hereafter I should meet a Roman and attempt to converse in my Latin with him, he would not know in the least what I might be talking about, but if a modern classical scholar were to enter into the conversation, our polite Roman acquaintance would die a second death from suppressed laughter.

It seems to me absurd to bring phonetics into the study of Greek and Latin—except in so far as the scansion of verse is concerned.

The truth, it seems to me, is that the idea of fashion is extending its influence to the costume of the mind as well as to that of the body. No man would wear a fob, no lady a chignon now. Education provides the underclothing of the mind: and underclothing should not be guided into variation by fashion; though it seems that many teachers consider the methods by which our forefathers acquired knowledge are old-fashioned, ours, I think, may be termed *mediæval* some centuries hence.

The perfect sequence of knowledge imparted by the immortal Euclid, which no doubt formed the mental clothing of the immortal Newton, of Herschel, of Faraday—is now old-fashioned, and what may be called Geometrical Drawing is the new garment to be worn by the young mind. Algebra has not suffered so much by the change of fashion in its presentation to the mind. What differences there are from the days of Todhunter are due sometimes to the printer.

R. W. K. EDWARDS.

## THE ANCIENT WORLD.

SIR,—In a letter I received from my relative (Professor) A. H. Sayce on the eve of his departure for Egypt a short while ago, he writes:—"We are getting a new revelation of what Society was like in the near east in the Mosaic age. Education and literary accomplishments were more widely spread in it than they were in the England of 100 years ago!"

In the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society he states that:—"A little to the north of Latakia on the Phœnician coast opposite Cyprus, most interesting discoveries have been made recently by French excavators. They date from about 1700 to 1200 B.C. Among them was found a library. It is considered as certain that this library was not only replete with inscribed papyri, but luckily also with clay tablets which have survived intact to our time. At least five different languages are represented by the Amerform texts."

"One of these was the official Babylonian of the Tel-el-Amarna period. Another was Sumerian; a third, it is thought Mitannian; while a fourth proves to be Canaanite, i.e., early Phœnician or Hebrew, written in a simple form of Amerform script." The whole article is deeply interesting. The discoveries are of quite a startling character. He considers that we may be sure that there were abundant literary documents for compiling the earlier books of the O.T. and that we have in the latter copies of books which go back to the age to which they profess to belong. The astonishing thing is that ancient militarism, in contrast with that of more modern times, was not, these discoveries shew, destructive of the culture and civilisation of which libraries are the expression.

London.

A. B. SAYCE.

## WHO IS THE DAME AU BAIN?

SIR,—I was extremely glad to find Mr. Adrian Bury in his article on the French Exhibition paying a just tribute to Poussin, who has been far too often overlooked in this country in favour of Claude. Poussin comes into his own at Burlington House.

A point in Mr. Bury's review in which, as a fellow art critic, I should be glad of a little more enlightenment, is raised by the question "Who is the 'Dame au Bain'?" by Clouet. Sir Herbert Cook's picture is reservedly catalogued without the name of the sitter, whereas the similar painting at Chantilly is "Gabrielle d'Estrées au Bain; Ecole de Fontainebleau." The head in the Chantilly picture, of course, is not the same as that in the version now shown as Clouet's in the French Exhibition—a point mentioned in the Burlington House Catalogue and one of which Mr. Bury is doubtless well aware.

But the "Gabrielle d'Estrées" face at Chantilly is in some respects exceedingly like authenticated portraits of the young Diane—it is closer to them, in fact, than to the small Fontainebleau portrait of Gabrielle in a similar pose in the castle of Azay-le-Rideau. Madame de Boisy's drawing in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Diane in her sixteenth year gives her, it is true, a more retroussé nose than is apparent in the Chantilly canvas but since the latter shows the sitter almost full-face, this discrepancy may be deceptive.

I am uncertain, and should be glad to know whether the Chantilly picture and that of Sir Herbert Cook are both dated, and if so, how near they are in date to each other. It seems to me quite possible that Clouet, pleased with the composition (as well he might be), made several experiments with the face, regardless of Diane's age at the time. His method of portraiture, after all, seldom allowed of more than one sitting for a chalk study, after which he would work up the picture at his leisure. And I see no reason why he should not first have painted the torso and the bath, and the other figures, and then got out his portfolio of drawings and worked in a face that pleased him. Both pictures might have been portraits of Diane de Poitiers, even if she were fifty years old at the time. But the bald statement in the Burlington House catalogue that the Chantilly head "is that of Gabrielle d'Estrées" would seem to be based on more authoritative information than I have at my elbow.

Moor Allerton, Leeds.

FRANCIS WATSON.



## NEW NOVELS BY H. C. HARWOOD

*Shadows on the Rock.* By Willa Cather. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

*Linda Shawn.* By Ethel Mannin. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

*The Fifth Commandment.* By H. A. Vachell. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

*Satan's Circus.* By Lady Eleanor Smith. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

NOVELS in which nothing much happens will always fascinate the reviewer who has to read so many plots, or more precisely so few plots so many times repeated. To the reader who can afford to be more discriminating they may make less appeal. He may allow that a car is comfortable in upholstery and handsome in line but be petulant if it does not go. The most interesting characters of fiction pall upon him if they will do nothing but sit about and talk. But even such lovers of action as he will be disarmed by Miss Cather's "Shadows on the Rock." I dislike that word "shadows." It suggests the cinema. It suggests quivering colourless shapes. What Miss Cather's art does is to reveal through an aqueous medium something bright, strange and though intangible near. So you may visit the natural gardens lying on the bed of shallow tropical waters. Until the oars have been stilled a while, much is hinted, nothing defined. Then form and colour collect themselves and avenues we shall never travel are shown between fronds we have not dared to imagine. Here is a new world, so small in seeming that a thumb nail might scoop it to the surface, so large that a too gentle fancy might wander in it and be lost for ever. Time passes. A lazy rower lets droop his oar, or a slight wind shuts away the garden with a curtain of ripples, or that impatient rajah, the sun, orders us to land. Our glimpse is over. Such glimpses Miss Cather gives. Not major work, hers, but not minor, if that mean derivative or evasive or weak. She has a way of her own, and with quiet confidence goes on it to her chosen end.

"Shadows on the Rock" shows us Quebec at the end of the seventeenth century, the tiny capital of a troubled colony. Auclair, the apothecary, kept his shop on the one road winding between the upper town and the lower, and, especially on autumn mornings when a heavy fog rolled up from the river his fellow colonists liked an excuse to call at a place that reminded them so of France. They bored the mild Auclair, who would rather have been classifying the local herbs, but he had his daughter Cécile, already at twelve his housekeeper, and his aged, disappointed patron, Comte de Frontenac, the Governor General, whom eight years before he had accompanied to the new world. Nothing came to disturb the mortars and carboys and stuffed alligator in front, or the red velvet glories of the salon behind. Bishop Laval might quarrel with Bishop de Saint-Vallier, and both with the Governor. Angels visited Jeanne le Ber, the saintly recluse of Montreal, and in the water-side inns seamen found such hospitality as they desired after many weeks on the North Atlantic. Oh! that was a great day of July when the first ship of the year came in from France, a sad day of October when the last started on its long eastward voyage. Immeasurable forests of black pine, full of danger from savages and from famine, came down to the river's very edge. Euclide Auclair, as it might have been in Paris, had his modest dinners of soup, fowl and a trifle of dessert.

The waters ruffle, hiding it all again. I am sorry that Auclair, who had little of the pioneer spirit in him, never found his way home, but he was philosopher not to grieve overmuch; and Cécile made a suitable marriage

and founded a good establishment; and the old ones died; and Bishop de Saint-Vallier became humble in the end. One thanks Miss Cather for the simplicity and beauty of this book. "Death Comes for the Archbishop" itself was not more amiable.

As a study of a country girl growing without too much stress from twelve to fifteen, "Linda Shawn" suffers from Miss Mannin's inability to keep the child in her place, which obviously should be the foreground. Her excuse must be that Linda, for all this talk of her being a changeling, for all her golden prettiness and interesting age, is commonplace, and that Linda's mother, Ellen, is remarkable and nearly tragic. Ellen was a schoolmistress of thirty when she married a small farmer, whom no amount of her nagging could rouse from a complacent apathy. Neither of her sons showed ambition. Both married badly. The daughter, who interested her least, was a fool at her lessons. Something undefeated in Ellen burned on in her scrubbing and baking and genteel Sabbaths, in her house pride, while the farm fell half derelict and the sons contentedly declined toward the labouring class. Beside this ugly vigour Linda has little chance. She knew a secret path round one of the ponds, and fell in love with a red haired servant girl, and wanted to become a nun, and fell in love with a young fisherman (who gave her a cross and chain, but was drowned), and was frightened by a poacher, and was troubled by growing up, and did grow up. Perhaps a more delicate style than Miss Mannin's was required. Perhaps bread and butter, however nicely cut, should be served in smaller quantities. And one's memory goes back to Ellen instead.

From time to time Mr. Vachell has the air of being reminded of some original intention of discussing the way in which children behave to their parents. Then a shadow falls from this decorously solemn title, "The Fifth Commandment," upon otherwise lively pages, and a Harley Street specialist says to his daughter: "Only a few hours ago I would have staked my life that you, you were incapable of loving another woman's husband. Gloss it over how you please, you have broken the Seventh Commandment in intention if not in deed, and you have broken the Fifth. You have dishonoured me." The daughter, by the way, is an actress, and her young man who has behaved with perfect propriety is starting for America to divorce a wife he has not seen for years. So, somehow I cannot believe that the father's mind would have worked that way, his tongue have found those words, however justifiably annoyed and surprised he was. These lapses into the sententious are not of the first importance. Mr. Vachell gives us plenty of incident, plenty of humour and a bold sparkling heroine. His admirers have not had such a treat for a long time.

What a pity it is that Lady Eleanor Smith cannot escape from circuses and gipsies, waxworks and freaks. There was a time when Pierrot raised his flour-sprinkled face to the moon, and though neither had much to say to the other, the pose did not lack a certain elegance. And then there came the Pan days. Rustic pipes grating music that thrilled the blood were audible in all the suburban gardens of fiction. Nice young men or disappointed middle aged ones grew whimsical and walked in the shrubbery by night, eventually disappearing without clue save a hoof mark and a smell of goat. This phase is over now but I cannot help preferring it as a refuge from reality to tent and wagon. What the hero of "Candlelight," a retired stockbroker, who passed like a dark shadow under the darker trees, leaving no trace, would have suffered if he had absconded with something mythological I cannot guess. But I can guess what will happen to him with the gipsy girl; in two years he will be used to go round the corner and fetch stout for the bearded woman. Still, Lady Eleanor plays her tricks very neatly, she excels in the macabre, and the title story of her "Satan's Circus" is awesome in its cumulative horror.

## REVIEWS

*Personality in Literature, 1913—1931.* By R. A. Scott-James. Secker. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. R. A. SCOTT-JAMES is neither a writer of fiction nor a reviewer, but a sound critic. If the author of "The Making of Literature" is not already widely known as such, he should be. During the year prior to the outbreak of the War, Mr. Scott-James wrote a volume of Essays an almost exact replica of which is his "Personality in Literature, 1913-1931," reproduced, with the excision of five essays and the addition of one short essay, eighteen years later. The fact that these essays not only still make stimulating readings—essays on such men as Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Bennett—but can be read now with interest and profit so long after they were written, says much for Mr. Scott-James' prophecy, judgment, and critical ability. Before the war he said something about these men then already in their prime: now he repeats it: and what he said has stood the test of those eighteen world-stirring years. That is no mean feat: and one, incidentally, that reflects well on the consistent staunchness of the work of those men who were writing of contemporary life in pre-war England, England during the war, and who have continued to write of it during the last 13 years.

But what perhaps puzzles one a little in this book is that while defining the growth of the work of these men as time passes, has passed, Mr. Scott-James seems inclined to underestimate the growth, the change that has accompanied those years of war and peace on the public, the mentality of the public, the public that has altered out of all recognition. Are the pre-war supporters of Shaw, Wells, and Bennett, still their supporters? And if some of them still remain faithful are they quite so enthusiastic? Are their supporters of to-day the supporters of yesterday?

In the new essay "1913-1931," Mr. Scott-James gives an account of those years, dealing chiefly with the work of the men on each of whom he has already written an essay. "The young generation of to-day," he writes, "have imbibed their precepts, and all-unconsciously they are guiding their lives by them." One wonders just how far this is true. It is certainly a fact that Mr. H. G. Wells in particular had a tremendous influence on the youth immediately after the war, but one is apt to forget that a child born at the outbreak of hostilities is now on the verge of manhood! One wonders if the influence of Lawrence, Huxley, Eliot, and Wyndham Lewis on those now in their late twenties has not been a greater one than that of the older men of whom Mr. Scott-James was writing when men like Lawrence and Huxley were themselves little more than on the verge of manhood.

The two essays on Synge and Francis Thompson are excellent in so far as they go, which, unhappily, is not far. Synge was a man of great genius and while he has remained, and probably will remain, inimitable, his disciples are many and his admirers legion.

Possibly the best portions of this excellent book by a man whose extraordinary knowledge is evident on every page will be found in the essays entitled "Specialism in Religion" and "Passions spin the Plot." In these he takes the opportunity of saying things that one feels cannot be overstated.

"... Englishmen," he writes, "seldom mention the name of God without an appearance of apology or secret shame. . . . What concerns us now is the feeling in formally Christian countries that in spite of Christianity the Christian churches have not taught that the Kingdom of Heaven is on earth; they have not taught toleration and love; they have urged us to ignore the present world in the interests of the next; and because their own followers have refused to do anything of the kind they have isolated religion from practical life."

JAMES STERN.

## MARLOWE'S POEMS

*The Works and Life of Christopher Marlowe: Poems.* Edited by L. C. Martin. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

THIS, the fourth volume in the complete edition of the poet's works that Professor Case is editing, contains "Hero and Leander," the translations from Ovid and from Lucan, and the two short poems, of which "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love" is known to everybody. We all turn first to "Hero and Leander," which is probably mentioned more often than it is read, not only because its beauties contain the line about love at first sight (which Shakespeare paid Marlowe the compliment of stealing) but also because it was finished by George Chapman, and there is always matter for discussion when two hands have been at work on the same canvas or on the same poem. It is so natural to emphasise the differences between Chapman and Marlowe that I am not sure if the differences have not been exaggerated, if Chapman did not, at the beginning of his work, catch more of the spirit of Marlowe than has generally been admitted. Certainly the finisher of a poem begun by someone else usually receives a grudging welcome, as, in modern times, has often been accorded to Mr. Sturge Moore when he volunteered to provide a beginning for Wilde's fragment, "A Florentine Tragedy." For myself, this last has gained in interest from Mr. Sturge Moore's attempt to match, without imitating, the glittering sequins of Wilde's verse. If the lines about the Persian princes and the hanging gardens are a very successful echo, the loveliest line is Mr. Moore's own: "Thy night is darker than I dream'd, bright star!" At all events it is impossible to read "Hero and Leander" without contrasting the first two sestads with the following four supplied by Chapman.

Marlowe, we must remember, was considered "a kind of second Shakespeare" by his contemporaries and immediate successors, and "Hero and Leander" is like Shakespeare's narrative poems in that it is full of fine things that have, nonetheless, an air of artifice. Take this familiar passage:

It lies not in our power to love, or hate,  
For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.  
When two are stript, long ere the course begin,  
We wish that one should lose, the other win;  
And one especially do we affect  
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.  
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,  
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes,  
Where both deliberate, the love is slight;  
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

and contrast it with these lines from the beginning of Chapman's sequel:

And now, ye wanton Loves, and young Desires,  
Pied Vanity, the mint of strange attires,  
Ye lisp'ing Flatteries, and obsequious Glances,  
Relentful Musics, and attractive Dances,  
And you detested Charms, constraining love,  
Shun love's stol'n sports by that these lovers prove.

Surely, there is no jar in this transition, and the verse has the charm of a remote musical convention which, like opera, may at any moment, as in the line admired by Shakespeare, rise into poetry of equal beauty and truth. Even the rhetoric, a form that can be fine in its own kind, can open into great beauty:

Then laid he forth his late-enriched arms.

Who can doubt that Marlowe would have admired that line, unless his vanity resented its very beauty in this place?

Mr. Martin's introduction is strictly practical, and he defends the translations by noting the superseded texts from which Marlowe worked and by pointing out the difficulty of the line-for-line rendering that Marlowe attempted. The footnotes confine themselves to an explanation of grammatical or verbal difficulties, and the large pages and clear type encourage the reader to enjoy his reading with the ample ease that these poems require.



This poetry, as I said of an earlier volume, is the work of the man who perfected English blank verse, and each play or poem resembles an opera in which the poetry is its own music. Those who like opera will enjoy Marlowe, and as we read him to ourselves we can be our own conductors and need lament no more that the art of speaking blank verse has almost perished. In his rendering of the first book of the "Pharsalia," Marlowe, with an historical subject, was less free than when he had a myth to embroider. It was in this imaginative embroidery that he excelled. He was a decorative artist, and it is the sense of form and colour that he satisfies. Even a story in poetry hampered him, and his sense of construction, happier in drama than in narrative, was never strong. In both, however, it is the verse, the rhetoric, the declamation that we enjoy with the occasional thoughts that lend body to his music. He carries us back again into a world of ritual where the instincts starved in modern life can expand like flowers almost withered by a long drought.

OSBERT BURDETT.

### GENERAL DYER

*The Life of General Dyer.* By Ian Colvin. Blackwood. 7s. 6d.

THIS new edition of Mr. Colvin's well known life of General Dyer is not only opportune in view of the Indian discussions, but because Sir George Barrow, in writing the life of Sir Charles Monro, has constituted himself an official apologist for the shoddy behaviour of Governments in 1920 who punished General Dyer, after having commended him. I remember the debates in Parliament in 1920 very well, and although all the evidence Mr. Colvin has since marshalled was not available, it was plain to all experienced observers that political motives actuated the Government of the day, and that a shuffle was involved which had no eye on justice. In those debates the case put for General Dyer was never answered, and I called attention to this in a book of sketches a few years ago, mentioning evidence that rebellion was imminent in the Punjab when Dyer's drastic action at Amritsar quelled it.

Sir Charles Monro happened to be Commander-in-Chief in India in 1920 when the right-about-turn in official circles was effected; but in no biography written of this admirable soldier would there have been a special Dyer complex, so to speak, with contentious chapters on Amritsar, if it had not been that his biographer was Sir George Barrow, who was the military member of the Hunter Committee, the special body set up by Government to save its face in those days. In Sir Charles Monro's career, this particular action towards General Dyer, imposed upon him as a duty, was incidental; and it is impossible to resist the inference that it bulks so largely in his biography because the biographer, in attempting to defend Monro, is really defending himself.

But what has this, it may be asked, to do with the new edition of Mr. Colvin's book? It has everything to do with it, because Sir George Barrow, with controversial weapons somewhat unpractised, goes out of his way to attack General Dyer's biographer for having bolstered up his work with "various devices" and "a number of insinuations." He cannot write a simple defence of Sir Charles Monro, in the difficult position in which he found himself, without attacking another soldier equally distinguished, thereby deflecting sympathy, not from Dyer, but Monro. This was the reason, perhaps, why Mr. Colvin does not take off the gloves, though he deals in his preface faithfully enough with Sir George Barrow's contentions.

The Amritsar shooting took place on April 13, 1919. The Government at Simla found it necessary on the following day to issue an ordinance declaring martial law in the districts of Lahore and Amritsar, stating that "the Governor-General is satisfied that a state of open

rebellion against the authority of the Government exists in certain parts of the Punjab." Sir George Barrow, adopting the later official complex, sneers at this as "the rebellion or whatever people may choose to call it." But even the Hunter Commission, while trying to oblige by balancing on the point of a needle, stated that rebellion and "a state of war actually existed," that it was widespread, and that it was "probably unsafe for the authorities not to assume that the outbreak was the result of a definite organisation." Sir George signed that report, and is found years afterwards arguing that "there was neither a serious military situation, nor any sign of an organised conspiracy." Evidence of conspiracy and incitements was given before the Hunter Committee, but it was so awkward in view of the conclusions they were desired to make, that the volume containing it was withheld—an expedient of which there are several flagrant instances in Indian history.

But as in those instances, the truth was accidentally revealed in some other Blue Book on another subject published at a later date, and Mr. Colvin destroys Sir George's picture of a peaceful countryside, with no concerted action, by the evidence given in the Official Account of the Third Afghan War. Here it is stated that "Along the main railway line from Bombay to Peshawar violent outbreaks occurred during the first half of April 1919." Excited mobs, guided by extremist leaders, destroyed railway stations, damaged the permanent way, and set fire to property. There were disturbances at Delhi, serious outbreaks at Lahore, Amritsar, Kasur, and Gujranwala, and the important railway junction at Wazirabad. "Prompt military measures," says that report, "were taken at each place, and the rioters were cowed by heavy casualties, especially at Amritsar."

For the average Englishman, who has got away from the sentimentalities of 1920, the pronouncement of Mr. Justice McCordie in 1924, in the case of O'Dwyer v. Nair, would settle the matter in the teeth of any political Commission:—

"Speaking with full deliberation, and knowing the whole of the evidence given in this case, I express my view that General Dyer under the grave and exceptional circumstances acted rightly, and in my opinion upon this evidence he was wrongly punished by the Secretary of State for India. That is my view, and I need scarcely say that I have weighed every circumstance, every new detail that was not before the Hunter Committee."

To-day there is a special irony in the reflection that General Dyer's strong action at a time of crisis was belatedly condemned in order to sweeten Indian opinion on those Montagu-Chelmsford reforms which have been shown by experience to be unworkable, and a source of provocation.

A. P. NICHOLSON.

### THE MAKINGS OF JAPAN

*Japan.* By G. B. Sansom. The Cresset Press. 30s.

THE world takes Japan so much for granted nowadays as one of the Great Powers (a Western Power too, by a typical exhibition of occidental conceit) that it is apt to forget that her modern dignity is the growth of but some sixty years. This entirely fascinating volume of Mr. Sansom's is more than a useful reminder of the fact; it also reveals how Japan has become what she is. To understand England one must begin with Hubert the Justiciar; the key to China's troubles to-day must be sought in the Chou dynasty; and for the makings of modern Japan one can hardly start later than the third century. No one will find the journey dull. With his great attainments as an Oriental scholar, Mr. Sansom is an ideal historian. Without the least sense of hurry or crowding, he covers the widest field in a small space, and his lucid survey

of feudalism and religion, art and politics, literature and the military caste, is illustrated with appropriate legends and graced with delicate pen pictures.

Of the Japanese love of beauty and depth of sentiment, the reflex of their beautiful and romantic land, enough has been written elsewhere, nor are these qualities peculiar to them. It is their extraordinary critical faculty, combined with their passion for self-improvement, which is perhaps unique in the world. The Japanese policeman who, in testing his knowledge of English in an altercation with a foreigner, hears an unusual word or phrase and immediately notes it for investigation and future use, is the logical descendant of the students who swarmed over to China in the Augustan age of the T'angs to study art and literature. No one acknowledges Japan's debt to China more than the Japanese themselves. But what they took from China, first at Nara and perhaps even more afterwards at Kyoto, they palpably modulated to their own requirements. The Chinese arts, percolating from the luxurious court of Kyoto to the more austere surroundings of the early Shoguns at Kama-Kura, produced the most vigorous sculptures in Japan. Porcelain, cloisonné and lacquer (though the Japanese might claim the last as their one native art) all indicate the Chinese influence, but brought to that perfection of finish which the Japanese love of neatness demands. And the gorgeous chrysanthemum, the national emblem, began life as the little golden button that grows wild in West China.

This faculty for borrowing, criticizing and adapting is even more interestingly seen in political organization. The success of the modern constitution compounded by Prince Ito from two or three Western models is less surprising when one remembers its numerous prototypes—the adoption of the idea of kingship from China, Prince Shotoku's Principles of Government (though Mr. Sansom denies them the name of constitution) in the 7th century, the Taikwa reformers and the Code of Taiho (in this the critical faculty was still rather immature), the reformers of Iyeyasu in the 17th century, and the Daimyos' voluntary surrender of their privileges in the Meiji Revolution, hardly less remarkable for its political insight than for its self-abnegation. The Japanese would not be the master organizers they are without this innate power of objective and subjective criticism and ability to learn.

Mr. Sansom deliberately stops at the Meiji Revolution, saying truly that the new era on which Japan entered in 1868 demands separate treatment. In some opinions the coming of industrialism and manhood suffrage in Japan amounts almost to another revolution. Some of the changes it has wrought are certainly more than superficial, notably the weakening of the family hold on the individual which inevitably accompanies work in the mills. But fundamental instincts remain, patriotism, orderliness, and devotion to the Throne, which as in England, has grown the more intense in proportion to the prevalent social unrest. In spite of labour troubles and Karl Marx the Japanese are not iconoclastic. The tendency of political labour is rather towards advanced liberalism than radicalism, and it was immensely impressed by the return of a Labour Government by constitutional means in 1924, as also perhaps by that Government's and its successor's subsequent mishaps. In other words, Japan is still criticizing and learning, as throughout the history which Mr. Sansom has so attractively described.

O. M. GREEN

*Indian Courts and Characters.* By Sir Thomas Strangman. William Heinemann Ltd. 8s. 6d.

THIS busy age has no longer any valid excuse for ignorance about India. Sir Harcourt Butler's brilliant exposition in the couple of hundred pages of *India Insistent* is followed by Sir Thomas Strangman's equally brief and vigorous contribution. Sir Harcourt

presented the administrative view; Sir Thomas, who was Advocate General from 1908, the legal.

There are three main streams of interest in the book. As might be expected, the first is concerned with the cases in which the author took part. These range from an accusation of slitting an unfaithful wife's nose, to the prosecution of the Great Soul at Ahmedabad in 1922. The latter event was likened by a poetess supporter of Gandhi to the trial of Christ; but to a common or garden prose writer the attitude of the accused, whose defence is given in full, reveals an egotism and self-conscious pose which does not merit the comparison. The Mahatma's personality, however, must be compelling for the whole Court seems to have dissolved into a lachrymose *bonhomie*.

The second tendency of the book lies in the pithy description of the manners and customs of the country. We read of the sorrows of the Rajah of Tenjore, who had numerous wives and no son. With heroic resource, he married seventeen wives in one day. Although he survived this desperate expedient for five years, Lucina did not reward his enterprise. We pass to the refugee Russian General who went out hunting at Ootacamund, and over-riding hounds drew his revolver to shoot the jackal, with the excuse, startling to our humanitarians, that he wanted to help the dogs. We sympathize with the answer of the witness, asked to name the father of her child—"If I put my foot in an ant-heap, can I tell which ant has bitten me?" We envy the courtiers of Junagadh, a state famous for its maneless lion, whose compliments are rewarded with purses of gold; and the magnificence of the Nizam of Mysore, whose establishment takes two trains to carry.

The last section of the book deals very briefly with the political future. Sir Thomas is doubtful whether the occidental nostrum of democracy, so unprofitable in the countries of its natural development, has any value to a continent which inclines by instinct to autocracy.

R. G. BURTON.

*"St. Francis Xavier."* By Margaret Yeo. Sheed & Ward. 7s. 6d.

THIS book is not only a veracious and carefully authenticated biography, it is also an example of beautiful writing; and as such it will appeal to many who perhaps are not particularly interested in its subject. Margaret Yeo has succeeded to a remarkable degree in reconstructing the atmosphere of the period about which she is writing, so that the reader sees Francis Xavier as a living personality.

We wander with the boy Francis on the rocky hills, clothed here and there with golden gorse and broom, above the castle of Javier where he was born, and hear the unceasing accompaniment of song and bell which was to follow him in memory all through his wanderings—those twin sounds which are the keynote of Basque life. We follow the eager student through his brilliant career at the University of Paris, and watch the change which comes over the haughty young Basque nobleman when he meets Ignatius Loyola and hears his reiterated question—like the ever recurring refrain of a song—"What doth it profit a man, Master Francis, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

We suffer with him the miseries of the sea passage round the Cape—in the sixteenth century—and the incredible hardships of his unending journeys through the length and breadth of the scarcely-known East of his day. We see the innate charm and personal holiness of the man and the fire of his zeal triumph over every difficulty of language, of opposition, of treachery, of indifference; almost, it would seem, the very limitations of human endurance cannot restrict him. And having lived with Francis, finally we stand in the lonely hut on Sanchian, open to all the winds of heaven, and watch him die, physically worn out at the age of 46, without human aid or consolation—a seeming failure.



## SHORTER NOTICES

*Looking Inwards.* By Veronica and Paul King. Heath Cranton. 7s. 6d.

WHEN some years ago the authors published their survey of certain American characteristics under the title, "The Raven on the Skyscraper," it was suggested by a critic that someone should do for England what the writers had tried to do for the United States. As no American in the interim has taken up the challenge they have decided to take it up themselves with the present book in which they review modern England, particularly in relation to the Victorian Era. It is, of course, much easier to criticize the foreigner than it is to deal faithfully with one's own people, and it may be doubted if the raven will be as effective on St. Paul's as he seems to have been on Broadway. However, if you have a kindly feeling for old faiths and sanctions, a distrust for the "new fangled," and a positive dislike for the philosophy of Bertrand Russell and the young people who affect it, you will find much in the book to please you, though, no doubt, occasionally you will discover that the author's pet prejudices are not your own.

*Gaieties and Gravities.* By George Graves. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

GEORGE GRAVES has written an entertaining book of reminiscences and, though parts of it are more serious than the many admirers of the creator of "Hetty the Hen" and "The Gazeka" may expect, there are plenty of jokes and much that is amusing to be found in the pages.

The golden days of musical comedy at Daly's are here given another dawning, and though those people—of whom I was one—who were fortunate enough to have a seat at the opening night of "The Merry Widow" will not easily forget the scenes of enthusiasm, it is pleasant to hear about them all over again. It is, however, not altogether strange to discover that "The Merry Widow" was put on as a stopgap, for some of the greatest successes have been plays in which the management had no confidence. "Peter Pan" was another and "Chu Chin Chow" a third; it is this uncertainty which gives the theatre its lure and, when George Graves is playing, it is also the uncertainty as to what he will say next which attracts his audience. The right and wrong of gagging is too thorny a subject to tackle here, but the author's triumphs and tribulations in connection with his interpolations in the text form not the least diverting section of his book.

*Memories and Monuments in the Streets of the City of London.* By A. K. Bruce. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

THE author made the notes for this book without any idea of publication. He was encouraged thereto by correspondents abroad, and many readers should be glad to have his brief and convenient resumé of the City monuments. It would be pleasant to make a steeplechase from one church to another and on such a quest Mr. Bruce, with the addition of a map, would prove a valuable guide, pointing, for instance, to less familiar things like Wren's oddly attractive spire of St. Margaret Pattens. The book has profited by the splendid record of the Stationery Office two years ago, and is sound in detail. The tall maypole commemorated in St. Andrew Under-shaft might have been mentioned.

Two excellent authorities to begin with are Stow and Pepys, as the author suggests. With a keen eye for associations with great men, he notes that Dean Colet's St. Paul's memorial is gone and that he needs no sculpture. But he has his statue in front of his school of St. Paul's as reconstituted at Hammersmith. Why not name the "George and Vulture," one of the few Dickensian taverns left in London, and not left, we fear, for long in these rebuilding days?

*An Oxford Note Book.* By A. L. Maycock. Blackwood. 10s. 6d.

MR. MAYCOCK'S avowed purpose has been "to pierce beneath the outward appearance, to find words that will express those strange longings and aspirations that live in the stones of Oxford. He has, perhaps inevitably, failed. His architectural appreciations of various buildings are, on the whole just, and his historical notes are picturesque and entertaining, but what may be called the spirit of the university has eluded him. It would have been wiser had he begun by asking whether any such spirit in fact exists, or whether it is not true rather that Oxford houses a spiritual multitude. Having omitted that question, it naturally follows that he only mentions those longings and aspirations which he himself shares, and most of them, it may be added, are conventional and not strange at all. But his concluding pages on the value of logic in education are distinctly good.

*The Archaeology of Surrey.* By D. C. Whimster. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

ALTHOUGH Surrey is not as rich in sites or in antiquities as some of the counties already dealt with in this admirable series, it still provides ample material for the archaeologist and prehistorian; while some of the treasures it has yielded up, such as the two-handled cup from Troy, brought hither in the Iron Age, or the Anglo-Saxon angon, found at Croydon, the only well-preserved spear of its class in England, are of particular interest. In an introductory chapter the physical geography of the county is admirably described and the habitability of the land during the centuries very clearly explained. All the periods eolithic, palæolithic, neolithic, bronze and iron are represented; and the descriptions of the sites and their history give an added interest in the most varied of the home counties. Like others who have considered the question of the eoliths and the people who used them, Mr. Whimster wonders why no stone weapons have been found with these flints, which seem to be skin scrapers or some such implements. Might it not be that "eolithic" man was powerful enough to catch and destroy his prey and formidable enough in families or hordes to keep possible enemies at bay.

*Back to Methuselah. Heartbreak House. (Playlets of the War). Saint Joan. Apple Cart. Immaturity.* By G. Bernard Shaw. Constable. 6s. each.

FOR those of us who cannot have too much Bernard Shaw, Constable's "Standard Edition" should prove itself indispensable. Nicely bound, nicely printed and with a long comprehensive preface in each case by Mr. Bernard Shaw himself, the edition gives us everything we could possibly require or ask for; that is, as we said before, as long as we are of the happy band who cannot have too much Bernard Shaw.

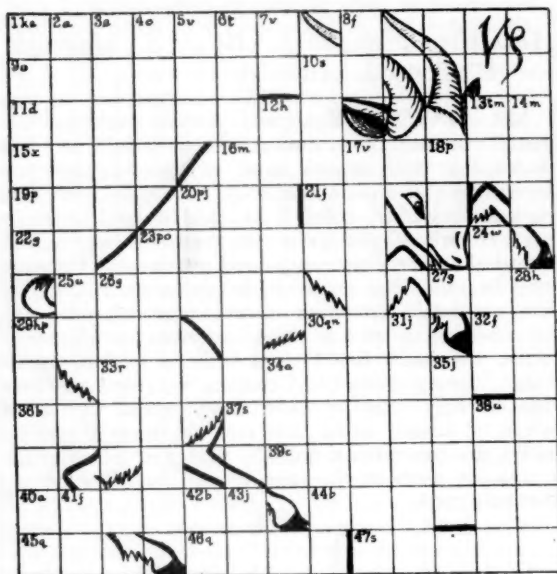
# SATURDAY COMPETITIONS

## RHYMING CROSS WORD—XIX

("Capricornus").

By Afrit.

Note.—The letters in the square refer to the line in which the clue appears. Reversed clues are prefixed by *r*.



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### CLUES.

#### Capricornus

- a* Arm'd with stubborn 2, 40 to 34 and snow,  
*b* Advance with blood 44-42, with 36 undaunted go!  
*c* Sing the Winter's ending—39 tunes the string:  
*d* Come, 11 Mildness! Come, O gentle Spring!  
But meanwhile it is jolly cold,  
And I would fain a tale unfold!
- e* 3 is an alphabet, and 1*d* tinkers' cant;  
*f* 41-*r*21-*r*41 was lazar-like, Wild priest a 32-8-bant;  
*g* The 22-27-*k* sits and grins at pomp, 26-penny earnest pays;  
*h* 12 is a nut to chew, And 28 29-*ly* stays.
- j* A singing-boy a napkin 35. Of 43-20-*r* at *r*31;  
*k* The 1*a* of the Volunteers Was Douglas, Earl of Wemyss;  
*m* Bob 13*d*-14 vied with "Beverley," 16-*s* divined,  
*n* "30*d*," "pregnant" and "vouchsafed" Sir Andrew bore in mind.
- o* Foxe wrote a 9, 4-23*d*'s wine (not red);  
*p* Most 29*d*-*s* grow more 23*a* with 20*a*, Yet "*r*18-*s*-*r*19" must be said;  
*q* 30*a* were gold or silver rings. Of modest 45-46;  
*r* And every 33 tree Is balsamiferous.
- s* 47 of course is 37, And 10's a certain bract;  
*t* Glib and 6 The 13*a*-*t* Cordelia lacked;  
*u* 25 is a series, And 38 poison-tree;  
*v* Sixth Henry said 17 men Less 5-7-*w* had than he.  
*w* 24 splits with flaky scale;  
*x* Though 15-*s* 15, let truth prevail!

### "SAGITTARIUS" SOLUTION AND RESULT

(Archery terms in italics. "Derivations" in inverted commas).

*Across*: 1, Edge, "g(*r*)eed"; 5, *Petticoat*; 12, *Quiver*; 14, Bacon, "on cab"; 15-20, Un-it, "nuit"; 16, Ayah, "hay(a)"; 18, *Bowyer*; 21, Demons, "so mend"; 22-24, Glan(d) (rev.); 25, *Pile*; 26-37, Horsa, "(t)hroa(t)s"; 28, *Cast*; 30, (B)it(s), "b(oat)s"; 31, *Telotype*, "Letty Poe"; 35, *Globular*, "bur all go"; 39, *Chrysal*; 41, "Pig-eon"; 43, 44, 46, (L)ea-(d), (l)ew(d), (l)ou(d); 45, Rain, "Rani"; 47, "Eva-sion"; 52, Iddo (2 Chron. ix., 29), "Dido"; 53, Uncle, "clue(n)"; 55, *Popinjay*; 56, *Steele*; 57, Od; 58, Gull, "lug"; 60, Mark; 63-*n*, Refusion, "no furies"; 66, She; 68, Ante, "neat"; 69, 70, Fl(it)ton; 71, Ready money sent, "some try, nay need"; 73, *Brig*(and); 74, Rani, "Iran"; 75, Dei, "die"; 76, Lone, "(co)lone(l)"; 77, Strong (Judg. xiv., 14), "tron"; 79, Yg(drasil); 80, Ei; 81, Sheugh, "he hugs".

*Down*: 1, *Equisetaceous*, "use case, O quite"; 2, Du(Ra)nt, dunt; 3, Gi; 4, Evade, "deave"; 5, Pram, "Ra" in "p.m."; 6, (Ho)tb(ed); 7, *Tabs*; 8, Icon, "coin"; 9-*p*-10, Cow-p-ony; 11, Target; 13, *Eye*; 17, Hop (Ps. lxxviii., 16, Prayer Book); 19, *Ellipsoidal*, "I ladle spoil"; 23, Apt, "tap"; 26, Holywell, "H-street literature"; 27, *Otos*(cope); 28, Cel(adon); 29, Iris (rev.), "Sir, I"; 32, (Ma)lgre, 33, *Araby* (rev.), "(wh)y bar a"; 34, Pul (2 Kings xv., 19), "pul(ex)"; 36, *Apropos*, "Poor Pa's"; 37, Readjusted, "Juddas Tree"; 38, Annoy, "on any"; 40, Haunt; 42, G-ring-o; 48, Veer, "ever"; 49, Spofforth, "fop for th(i)s"; 50, (Ar)io(t); 51, Nidifying, "if dingy in"; 54, Certain, "trace in"; 59, *Lentigo*, "get lion"; 60, Marble, "ramble"; 51-*d*, Aneroid, "air done"; 62, Kedge; 64, (H)elm(et); 65, Ulnare; 72-78, Enough, "one hug"; 67, Honey, "mel"; 77, (Blo)ss(oms).

In 1 down *case* was mis-typed *ease*. It is tempting to blame the printer, but *mea culpa*!—Afrit.

The winner is Mr. E. J. Fincham, 2, Lavell Street, N.16, who has chosen as his prize "John Wesley," by C. E. Vulliamy (Bles., 10s. 6d.).

### ACROSTIC—No. 511

(Closing Date: First Post Thursday, January 21).

BIRDS, DIFFERING IN SIZE AS WELL AS SEX;  
PERTNESS MARKS THESE, AND THOSE, HUGE LEGS, LONG NECKS.

1. "Cold, cold, my girl,"—twig sailor man inside?
2. Behead your enemy, whate'er betide.
3. Fair blossom—in it see a shell-fish hiding.
4. High, barren plains, in which there's no abiding.
5. This Chilian plant speaks trumpet-tongued to you.
6. Wisest of birds—alas, the noisest too!



7. In me matures the fertilizing dust.  
 8. Core of pert fop whose views on us are thrust.  
 9. Stranger to cities and their ways and wiles.  
 10. More than enough—like march of forty miles.  
 11. Feeble no whit, but martial, manly, stout.  
 12. "And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."\*

\*Paradise Lost, iii.50.

### SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC—No. 509

M	endican	T <sup>1</sup>	1. Mend I can't.
maY	p	Ole	2. The Indian horned-hog. The
B	abitouss	A <sup>2</sup>	"horns" are two teeth a foot long,
E	ventfu	L	springing from the outside of the
S	quea	L	upper jaw, curving upward and
Threshing-floo	R <sup>3</sup>		backward like horns, and almost
W	ar-dano	E	touching the forehead.
pi	ll	Ar	3. Sam.xxiv. 16 and 1 Chron.xxi. 15.
S	hort-brea	D	
H	ittit	E	
E	mendato	R	
S	uperciliou	S	

Acrostic No. 509.—The winner is Mrs. Robert Brown, 9, Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells, who has selected as her prize "John Wesley," by C. E. Vulliamy, published by Bles and reviewed by Michael Roberts in our issue of January 2 under the title "The English Method." Fifteen other competitors chose this book, nineteen named "Rifleman and Hussar," &c.

Also correct:—A.E., Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Fossil, Shorwell, Tyro.

One Light wrong:—Ali, E. Barrett, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bobs, Boris, Boskerris, Carlton, Bertram R. Carter, Miss Carter, E. H. Coles, Estela, E. J. Fincham, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, T. Hartland, Lilian, Madge, Martha, George W. Miller, N. O. Sellam, Peter, F. M. Petty, Pork, Sisypus, H. M. Vaughan, Viol, Richard Wilson, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

Two Lights wrong:—W. Barberry, Maud Crowther, Iago, Jeff, Junius, Miss Kelly, A. M. W. Maxwell, Mrs. M. Milne, Rabbits, Shrub, Stucco, Taddo, Term. All others more.

Light 11.—*Expositors* and *Elucidators* explain obscure passages; an *Emendator* corrects corrupt readings.

Light 11 baffled 39 solvers; Light 3, 10; Light 4, 9; Light 2, 8; Lights 1 and 12, 1.

Viol.—*Recreation* was my own word, but I considered *Relaxation* equally good. The allusion was to a passage in Don Quixote: "The bow cannot always be bent, nor can weak human nature exist without some lawful amusement." Comments are always welcome.

Acrostic No. 507.—One Light wrong: Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd.

Acrostic No. 508.—Correct: Cyril E. Ford, Peter.

### LITERARY COMPETITION LXIII

RICH UNCLE'S REPLY.

JUDGE'S REPORT.

The uncles have just had a grand time explaining why they have so far forgotten to fulfil their avuncular obligations. The economic crisis and the five shilling Income Tax proved a veritable godsend to the majority; but some adopted more original reasons. Chauvre-Souris, for instance, told his niece he had "joined the Benedictine Order," but touchingly added he would not forget her in his prayers. But others, I regret to say, were even less tactful in their refusals. I congratulate both Maritana and Ann Riddell on the resource and ingenuity displayed in their answers. But the prize goes to Peter, who was kindly, but at the same time very, very firm.

My dear Nephew,

I was very pleased to have your letter. Your writing has improved and so, I think, has your composition, but now that the New Year is upon us we must all resolve to work harder than ever, remembering that labour is its own reward.

I was very forcibly reminded of this at Christmas time when, much as I could have wished, I was unable to send you a little present. My expenses are so great, taxation heavy and the "economic blizzard" (of which doubtless you have heard your father speak) has swept away the little surpluses by means of which I was enabled to remember my obligations. With best wishes for the New Year.

Your loving Uncle,

"Peter."

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S.R.1.

## FOR "SATURDAY" WOMEN

### ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

By MARY SEATON

THE other day I met a friend who was in a great hurry to know the future. She informed me that she was going to a "perfectly marvellous" woman to have her hand read. She had been told by the fortune teller on a previous occasion that she must expect a wonderful piece of good luck to come her way, and she was anxious to know how much nearer might be the happy moment and if the nature of it could now be disclosed. She could not have been more excited had she come into a legacy.

I thought of a statement that I had read to the effect that there were a hundred and twenty-five thousand fortune tellers in the United States who extracted from their regular clients a sum valued at about thirty million pounds. How much is spent in this country by the credulous, all of whom want to hear happy things?

Why does my friend go to a palmist? I can think of no other reason than that she is dissatisfied with her present state. She wants to know what is going to happen to-morrow because to-day is not good enough. She has become dependent for reassurance upon a lady who professes to read in the lines of the hand the future trend of events.

I am not denying that some people have the gift of second sight, that very strange and inexplicable affairs take place in the darkened rooms of the spiritualists, that the world is full of mysteries; but I find it a matter for wonderment why so many of my sex are so little content with the present that they must stimulate their curiosity about the future by employing somebody to foretell the course of destiny.

It is perhaps a form of neurosis, a restless enquiry, a desire to get a thrill in an artificial way—for none of us can really believe that the hand, the crystal, the playing cards or the teacup can be scrutinised so as to tell us what is actually going to happen. And who would seriously want this? The fun of living is partly in the uncertainty of things, and if the details of our lives were revealed from the cradle to the grave, the drawn-out years would seem extremely monotonous. The pleasant times to come would be minimised in anticipation, and our misfortunes would loom upon the horizon with greater menace. The scheme of things which keeps the future dark to us is surely the wisest ordination of all. For those who turn their backs on the pleasures of to-day will turn them on the joys revealed for to-morrow, ever looking forward to some ideal of happiness or fulfilment that ever eludes them. To the vast majority who are not unduly obsessed with fears and hopes, the present is large and spacious enough. The present, that is, plus imagination to enjoy it.

The hours are too precious to be squandered in this speculative effort. The truly fortunate person is the one who has no interest in surmises about days to come, because she is familiar with the joyous sensation of rising from a task or coming to the end of some recreation with a feeling that every moment has been lived.

Our immediate interests should be far more satisfying than the imagined interests of a month or a year hence.

The power to concentrate on the present is worth cultivation. The futuristic shadow can blind us to the real light of the moment—our senses become dulled in the perpetual anticipation of far off things. Meditating on what the soothsayer may tell us, we shall miss some aspect of beauty, an unique sunset, a city or country nocturne, the sincere ardour of a friend, an exquisite note of music, a vision of flowers that we can ill afford to lose in this brief life.

When there is so much to see, so much to do and so little time for both, it is a strange irony that sends thousands of people on a quest of the occult. For is not all life a mysterious adventure, from the moment of waking to the moment of sleep? The future is not stranger than the present, provided we retain our enthusiasm for the details of existence.

Lord Alfred Douglas, in one of his sonnets mentions the poetic gift to *trace under the common thing the hidden grace*—and this is perhaps the true meaning of happiness. The soothsayer does not tell us how to acquire this gift. If she did, the thirty million pounds which the Americans pay to their fortune tellers, and the by no means inconsiderable sum which is paid on this side of the Atlantic, would not be spent in vain, for it would be laid out on purchasing the only means to obtaining a lasting contentment of spirit. But this is a gift that we must discover for ourselves. The prophecies of the crystal gazer seldom rise above the material plane of money, love, journeys and suchlike diversions. Money and travel do little good to a mind that is fundamentally unappreciative, and love is no guarantee to permanent happiness unless tenderness and good fellowship be promised too. A courageous fortune teller may, of course, venture into the realm of pessimism, tempering the good news from nowhere with the bad. I have known women worried by a stray hint of disaster, but trying to console themselves that they have been forewarned. It is to be hoped that they were not too disappointed when the expected catastrophe did not materialize.

Let us assume that by some luck, some coincidence, truth is extracted from to-morrow and placed at the feet of to-day. Are we morally and materially any the better for our knowledge? We have merely been excited by a revelation, and I doubt if such excitement has done us much good. We need not confuse this sort of unnatural magic with the healthy magic of hope. There is none among us who does not hope for something, if only for the continuance of the happy present. Hope, in itself, is something of a creative impulse. But when we seek its confirmation in the parlours of the seers, it has lost confidence in itself.

The superstitious are always with us, pondering over symbols and numbers, black cats and crows, four leafed clovers, falling pictures and similar signs. Such fantasies, like the rigmarole of the fortune teller, can do little good. They are due to the wrong kind of imagination, the imagination that makes for egotism and introspection and fills the air with portents. The mind that would be tranquil will seek to identify itself with the living moment, and let the future look after itself.

Next Week's SATURDAY REVIEW will contain:—

The Future of the Labour Party. By the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy (*This is the third article in our series of independent political statements*)

The Choice of the Book Society. By Beverley Nichols

Argument: Can Suicide be Moral?

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# CITY

*Lombard Street, Wednesday.*

Not only has the tone of markets taken a turn for the better during the last few days but there are signs here and there of investors displaying a little more confidence. One instance of this has been some quiet buying of such good-class debentures as have been available at favourable prices. A little more of this accession of quiet confidence and the Stock Exchange will begin to wear a much healthier and happier appearance. For the speculatively-minded, who depend more on the day-to-day fluctuations, my advice is still to watch the reparations discussions and negotiations. The German Chancellor's declaration of Germany's inability to pay further reparations had but a temporarily adverse effect on the Stock Exchange prices and I am inclined to think that it might have been attended with even less disturbing effect had not great pains been taken in certain quarters in this country to protest that the declaration was not an unfavourable incident.

## OPTION BUYING

Some signs have arisen of call option-buying on the part of the public. This suggests the view that prices are likely to be better a few months' hence than they are now. This, too, is a healthy sign. The general public is usually but little attracted by options, except when they are put forward as a get-rich-quick method by the flat-catching bucket shops. The ordinary call option gives the right to buy a security at a definite price—not within a specified period but at a specified option date. If, therefore, the security rises before the option date and the option-holder thinks he would like to take his profit rather than to risk seeing it disappear before the option date, he has no right to call for his security and sell it out at a profit. What he can do, in normal times, is to sell the security as a bear and get the transaction continued until the option date arrives, when he can exercise his option and deliver the security. At present continuation transactions are forbidden by the Stock Exchange Committee, so that option business is somewhat hampered but there are doubtless ways of adjusting this difficulty.

## BRITISH TO THE FORE

The future British industry depends largely on the adaptability of the British manufacturer to the new needs of the world and it is indeed gratifying that in the manufacture of aircraft Great Britain is beating the world. One of the successful companies in the trade is the Fairey Aviation Company which has just secured a £300,000 contract from the Belgian Government in face of all competition. This company recently issued its report showing the satisfactory net profit of £113,885, after placing £22,700 to debenture redemption reserve. This is equivalent to nearly 23 per cent. on the issued Ordinary capital of £500,000. The dividend was raised from 7 to 10 per cent.; £30,000 was placed to general reserve and £40,000 to reserve for patents and so on. The 10s. shares are quoted at 15s. The chairman made an encouraging statement as to the future at the annual meeting of shareholders the other day, and those investors who feel disposed to have an interest in a new and promising branch of British industry might well consider the merits of the shares.

## DEBENTURE YIELDS

With the half-yearly interest just deducted, some of the Home Railway debenture stocks look cheap at

current quotations. For instance Great Western 4, 4½, and 4½ per cent. stocks are obtainable at around 74, 78, and 84 respectively, at which figures the yield comes out at 5½ per cent. per annum. Notwithstanding the past year's decline in earnings the margin of revenue behind these debenture issues is still large and the risk involved to the investor who buys at these figures is small. A better return is obtainable on the 4 per cent. debenture stock of the London Midland and Scottish Railway Company which at 70 ex. dividend yields £5 14s. per cent. per annum on the money, while in the London and North Eastern group the 4 per cent. debenture stock, quoted around 66½, yields as much as 6 per cent.

## BANK'S FRANK POLICY

There is possibly an element of concession to popular opinion in the direction of frank accountancy in the policy of the big banks. Often in the past, heavy losses have been met from internal or secret reserves without any disclosure as to the amounts so appropriated. This time four of the "big five" have taken substantial sums from their published general reserve funds for the purpose of writing down investments. Barclays Bank, on the other hand, states that full provision for depreciation on investments has been made out of investment reserve account. Williams Deacon's Bank, following the majority of the "big five" has drawn on its reserve fund to the extent of £200,000 for investment depreciation and contingencies and is maintaining its dividend, its net profits having but slightly decreased from £278,627 to £275,465. This bank, of course, is now controlled by the Royal Bank of Scotland. Of the "big five," Barclays is maintaining its dividend, but Lloyds, the Midland, the National Provincial and the Westminster are all paying less for 1931 than for 1930, hints of the reductions having been given by the interim dividend declarations. On the whole, the results have been well received in the City. The worst of 1931 is known and it is by no means catastrophic. It is well covered by the banks' strong resources.

## GOOD LINOLEUM RESULTS

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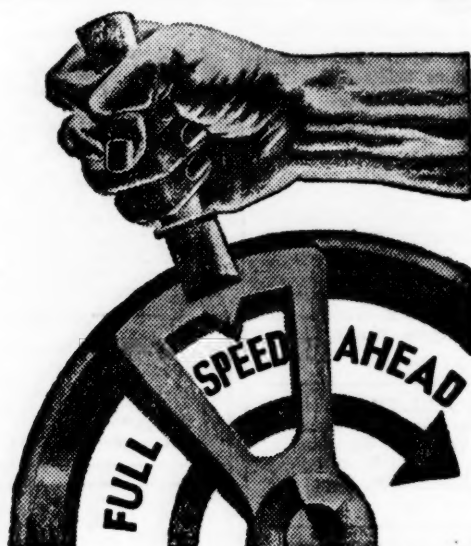
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